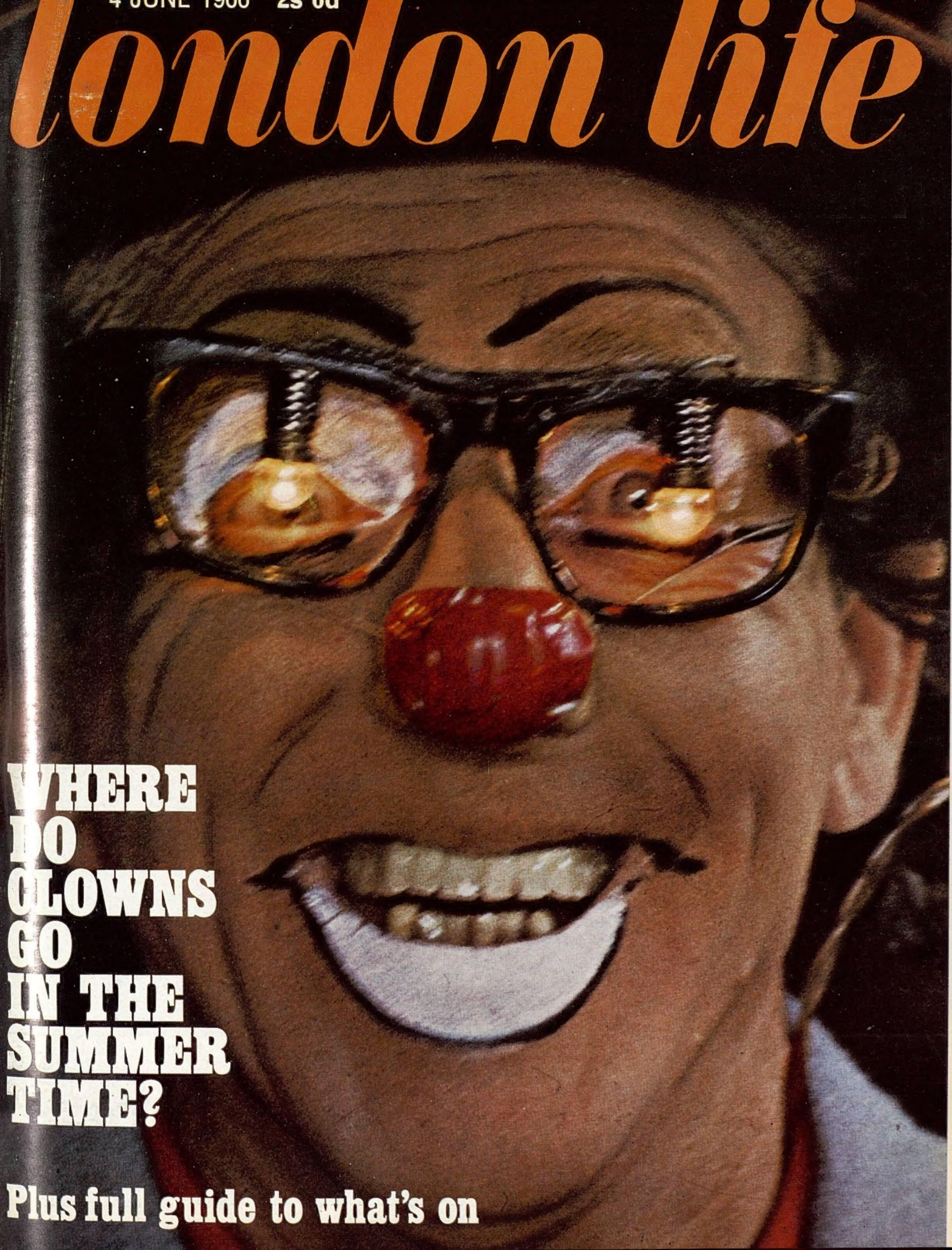
4 JUNE 1966 2s 6d

london life



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INSIDE

Harry Saltzman, one half of the James Bond team of Saltzman and Broccoli, is planning to make a bigger-than-Bond picture on his own next year. He has gained the co-operation of the Air Ministry to make a full-length dramatised version of the Battle of Britain, and at the moment Saltzman aides all over the world are desperately buying up all the Spitfires, Messerschmitts and Dorniers they can find.

So far, the biggest find has been in Spain – where for some reason they were able to discover not only old German planes, but a number of British as well.

Even so, a number of planes are going to have to be painstakingly constructed in order to fill the skies above Pinewood next spring.

Sir Gilbert Inglefield, a City Alderman and probably the strongest advocate of the Barbican Concert Hall project, is to visit the Soviet Union in July to study their concert halls and discuss with Russian experts their latest views on acoustic problems.

Mario Lappon, owner of Fulham's Boudoir Restaurant, plans to open a cabaret room below the restaurant in September. It will be called the Sitting Room, and repeat the 16th-century decor of the Boudoir. Lappon hopes to sign Francoise Hardy as his opening attraction.

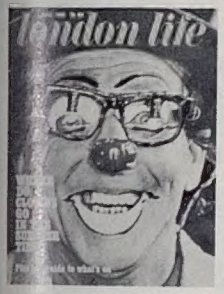
Handy statistic for class warriors: there are precisely 10,304 fully paid-up members of the Old Etonian Association.

Advertisements in the *New Yorker,* traditionally the showplace for all Madison Avenue's latest and greatest, are increasingly being populated with girls who are apparently ever-so-slightly enceinte: and not just in the maternity-wear ads, either. Apparently the theory is that this increases reader identification, since even if you can't really hope to date Shrimpton, you can arrange to go about with a pregnant lady, for instance, your wife. The fashion should reach British magazines by about the autumn, such is the period of gestation in these things. . . .

The Daily Telegraph has just checked over their syndication service. In the process, one Canadian newspaper was found

continued overleaf

LONDON LIFE
INCORPORATING THE TATLER



The clown (cover picture by John Kelly of Franko at Chessington Zoo) presents an image of non-protest. But what lies behind the funny face? Page 22

Wendy Craig is an actress to her fingertips – crisp, placid, poised. But what of her new-found genius as a comedienne? The answer's in colour . . . on page 32

Wolf Mankowitz is that multi-faceted novelist, playwright, journalist, film and TV writer. But how is he getting on as a restaurateur? See page 28

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ALSO, EVERY WEEK! Our easy-to-follow guide to everything that makes London the hub of entertainment . . . its night life, the theatre, the cinema, music, ballet, opera, art galleries, restaurants and sport . . . beginning on page 43

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

to have been paying five dollars a week for complete reproduction rights since before the war. Politely, the *Telegraph* wrote to point out what a bargain this was, and that in future they really would have to ask for slightly more. By return of post, the Canadians thanked them for raising this, said they hadn't in fact been running *Telegraph* material for years, and had now remembered to cancel the five dollars.

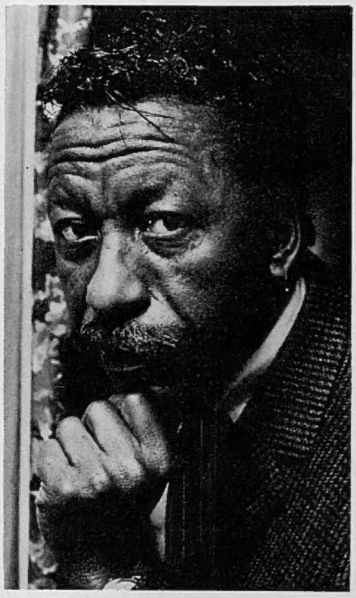
Loute St Bonnet, the French sculptress, is to have her first British exhibition this month, opening on 7 June, at Halcyon Days, the Brook Street antique shop. Madame St Bonnet specialises in brilliant and exotic

birds (*see picture*) – principally in ceramics – and spends most of her time sketching and photographing birds in the South of France. She once caused a furore in Cannes by mounting an exhibition there called Birds of the Coast, in which each bird caricatured a prominent citizen.

A cafe in Essex Street offers a cosmopolitan dish called Spaghetti Chickenaise.

Lord Bearsted, Mrs George Strauss and Bryan Robertson are launching what they call "an urgent appeal" on behalf of the Whitechapel Art Gallery. They say that the resources of the Gallery, opened in 1901 as an educational trust, are exhausted, and that unless there is a satisfactory response to their appeal, it will have to close. The terms of the Trust forbid the Gallery to charge for admission, so no matter how successful its exhibitions, only charity can increase its income to the necessary £30,000 a year. Secretary of the appeal is Lady Carlisle, 100 Wood Street, EC2.

Gordon Parks, the distinguished American photographer, was in London last week to cover the Cooper-Clay fight for *Life* magazine. In the course of a brief



conversation, he revealed that before he became a photographer in 1937 he had been a barman, railway porter, waiter, pianist and semi-professional basket-ball player, and that since he has been a photographer he has also fitted in writing two or three symphonies, a fictionalised autobiography called *The Learning Tree*, which was published two years ago and has been bought for the movies, and another book, *A Choice of Weapons*, published this spring, and has also been bought by a film company. Mr Parks is also married – to a beautiful model.

The 55 Restaurant, one of London's best night spots in pre-*discothèque* days, is to undergo a complete face-lift in an effort to get back on top. Peter Glynn Smith, who designed Mitchell's of St. James's, and who has worked on several Hiltons, is supervising the redecoration, which will sacrifice the familiar nude paintings for brilliant red and orange solids. The new 55 will be ready next month, presenting two bands and a pianist. L Vydra, the owner, claims the time is ripe for a swing back to dancing to a big band, rather than a group or a record.

The Rev P J Langford, curate of East Ham, has been busily digging new drains in the churchyard of St Mary Magdalene. In the process, he has discovered a crosswise grave – that of a Mrs Mary Bendish, who died in 1763. The inscription on it: Born Cross, Died Cross. Buried Crosswise.

Ingrid Broom has resigned as manageress of Chelsea's Village Club "to become," she says, "a full-time freelance cook." She has been running the club for several years, and took the chance to leave when recently the owner – Robin Howard – began negotiating with Franco Medina, the club's wine-waiter, to sell it to him and two partners. "I wanted to spend more time cooking," Miss Broom says, "and since the new owners wouldn't need a manageress, it all fell into place nicely."

Sir Arthur Richmond is the chairman of an appeal committee just founded to raise funds for the erection of a statue of Sir Thomas More, on a site adjoining Chelsea Old Church, where More is said to have worshipped.

Eva Renzi, a native Berliner, has taken over from Anjanette Comer as Samantha Steel in the film of Len Deighton's *Funeral in Berlin*, Miss Comer having apparently succumbed to a sudden illness.

Miss Comer, from Texas, looked rather more convincingly Israeli than the blonde Miss Renzi, but according to star Michael Caine: "They are both, in their way, ideal to play Samantha." Apart from colour of hair, seven inches difference in height, different nationality, one sees what he means.

The Jockey Club is to sell some of the furniture from the King's Suite in the Club Chambers at Newmarket. Up for auction at Knight, Frank and Rutley's sale on 10 June are three glass-fronted bookcases from the suite. They are going because the Club had decided to convert the suite, used frequently by Edward VII and George V, into bedrooms for resident staff.

The Carlyles' home in Cheyne Row is having a major spring-clean: new wallpaper in the dining-room, new stair carpet, a sofa recovered, a lot of old lino ripped up. It would have delighted poor Mrs Carlyle had she ever persuaded Thomas to do anything like it in their lifetime. Now, of course, it is the responsibility of the National Trust, a body not quite so sternly Scots in its expenditure.

David Schreiber and Martin Bradley have taken over a Pimlico butcher's shop for their new gallery, Tanna. It opens this week with a selection of work from Paris' Rive Gauche Gallery, and will also have furniture, ceramics, decorative totems and, they say, 18th-century Alchemical Ware.

Patricia Locke, the Chelsea girl who caused a scandal in Rome with her London-length skirts, is about to reveal even more in the cause of art. She has been cast as an artist's model in a film to be made by Italian director Valentino Orsini on the work of painter Louis del Pizzo. According to del Pizzo, "In much of the film I will be drawing Patricia, and the camera will be angled on various parts of her exposed body. We will then have an *ad-lib* discussion together."

The House of Lords' mail has risen sharply in the past week. Their Lordships' clerks are kept very busy opening, reading, and promptly throwing away, sacks of hysterical letters accusing peers of every sexual perversion under the sun, since the House has approved ameliorations in the laws dealing with homosexuality and abortion. One correspondent, at the end of a relatively lucid outburst, demanded that all homosexuals be publicly caned.

Jennie Lee, effectively the Minister of Culture, is to open an exhibition of paintings by mentally handicapped children to be held at the Qantas Gallery for four weeks starting 7 June. Organised by the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children, the exhibition will have about 200 paintings on show, out of 1,500 submitted, and the proceeds of any sale will go to the child responsible for the picture.

The Arundel Gallery, which has just opened in Grosvenor Street, devotes half of its first exhibition to the work of a painter called Peter Clarke. His paintings of people and animals have been very successful, and several have already sold. Mr Clarke himself is agreeably surprised by this development, since he had always considered himself an amateur painter. Professionally he is Picture Editor of the *Daily Mail*.

Unforgettable . . .

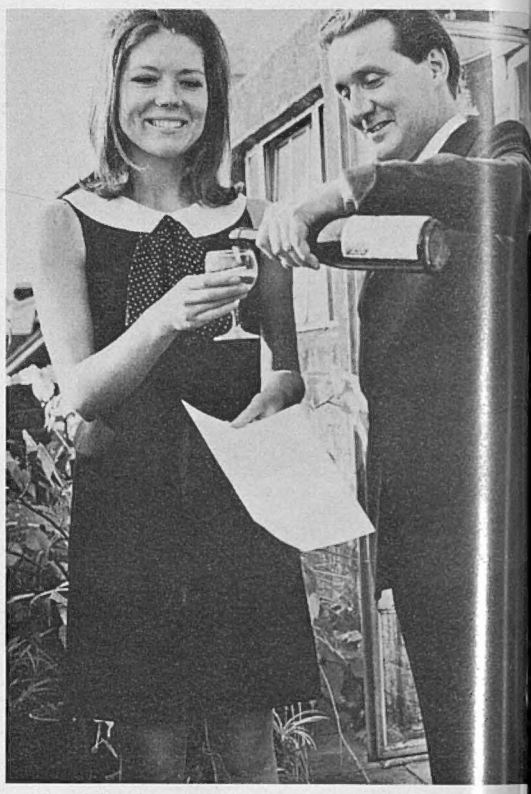
On the left, Peggy Moffat: the unforgettable face, that Rudi Gernreich made even more unforgettable with his controversial topless collection in '64 in the States. On the right, Belinda Willis: a new model – already tipped for the top by one national newspaper. They are at Alvaro's. Peggy's hair is jet black; her eyes are gigantic (and she has two or three different sets of make-up for them). She is so expert at "acting" a part that she can do the doll look, the cute look, the kookie look, the elegant look – all equally well. She has a part in an Antonioni's movie.

She is on Lucie Clayton's book, on the top list – and *that* means 10 guineas an hour. She has been over here from America for only four months with her husband, fashion photographer William Claxton – and is in great demand for all kinds of modelling jobs. But now she has a problem: her work permit has run out. Will she be able to renew it? There's no telling what the Home Office will or won't do – but one thing is certain – the more Peggy is sought after, the more likely she is to get her permit.

PARTY TIME

Earl Hines gave an informal concert at the American Embassy as part of the Festival of American Arts and Humanities.

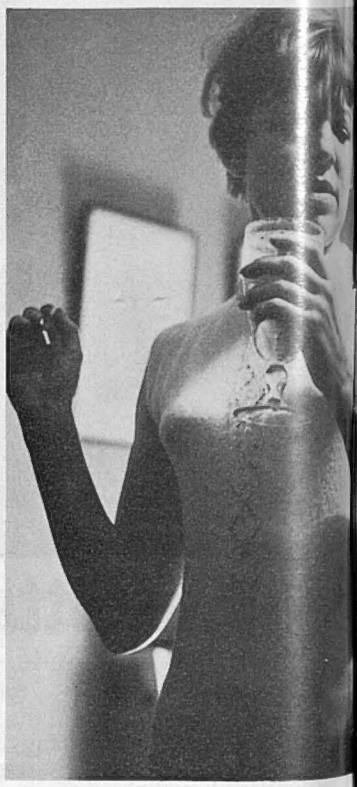
Avengers **Diana Rigg,** alias Mrs Peel, and **Patrick McNee,** alias Steed, split a bottle of wine at a party given by Harvey's on Heal's roof.



Cartoonist **John Jensen,** at his own birthday party, at which we also took . . .

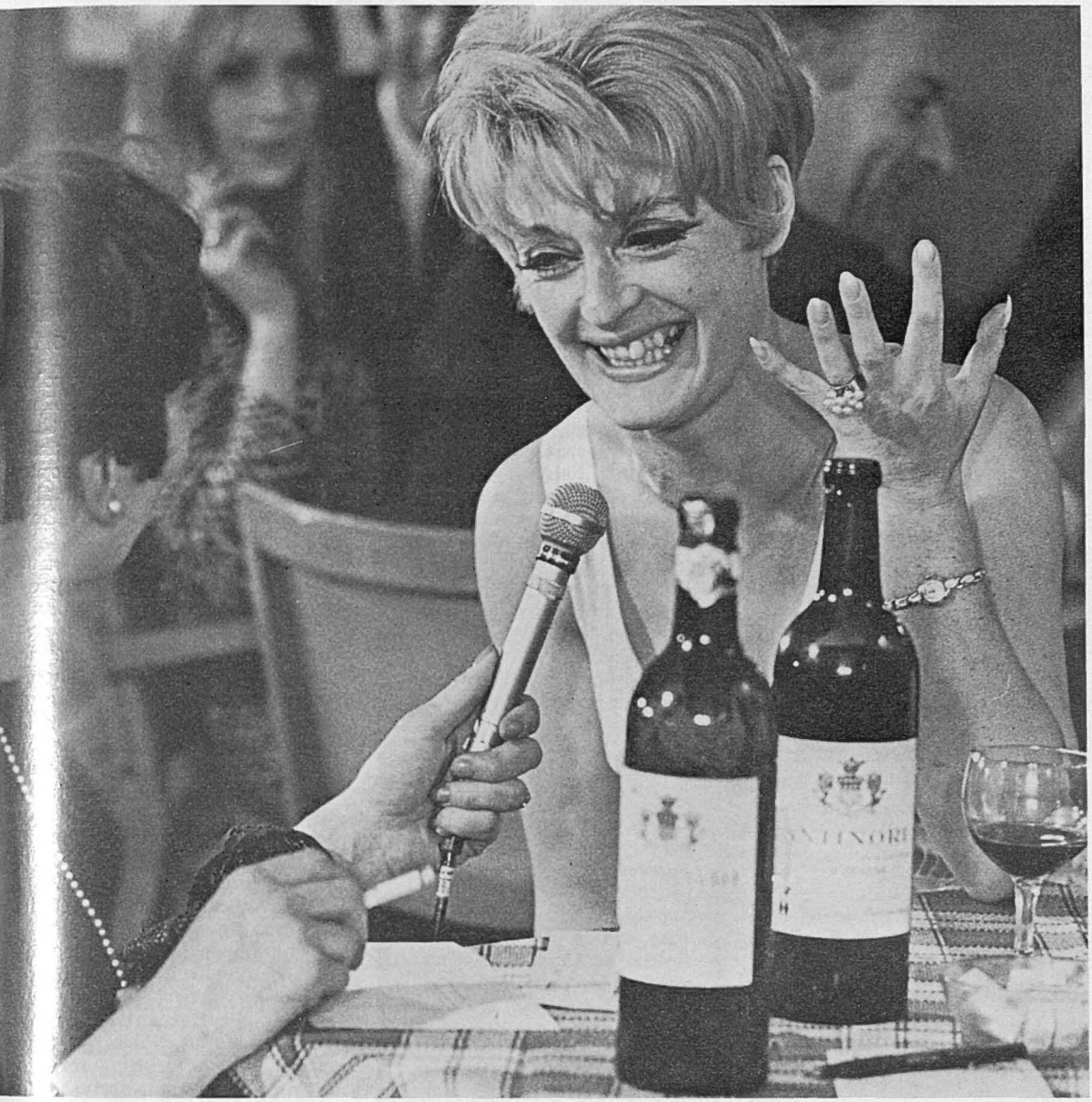
Soviet actress **Zinaido Sharko** . . .

Gerald Hely, from *The Matchgirls* . . .



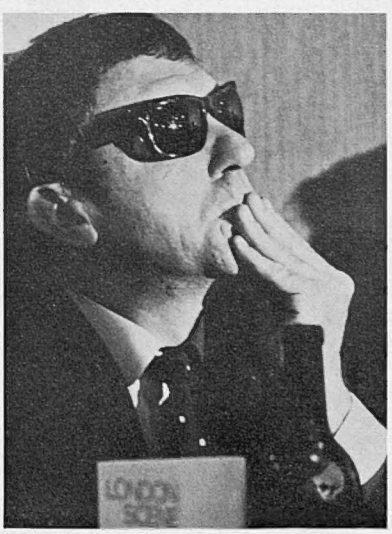
. . . and Matchgirl **Vivienne Martin**

Deputy *Funny Girl* **Lisa Shane** (left) was interviewed by Diane Hart at a party at the Telesurance Club, where we also took the other pictures on this page . . .

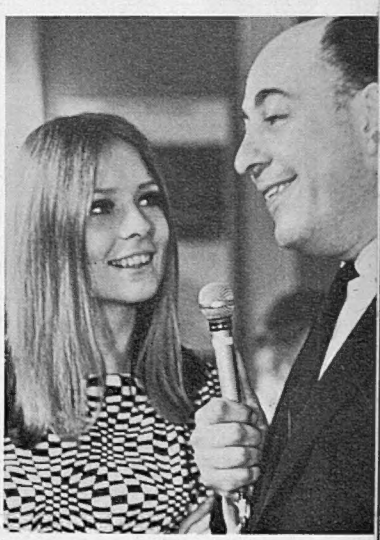


ɔmedian **Dave King.**

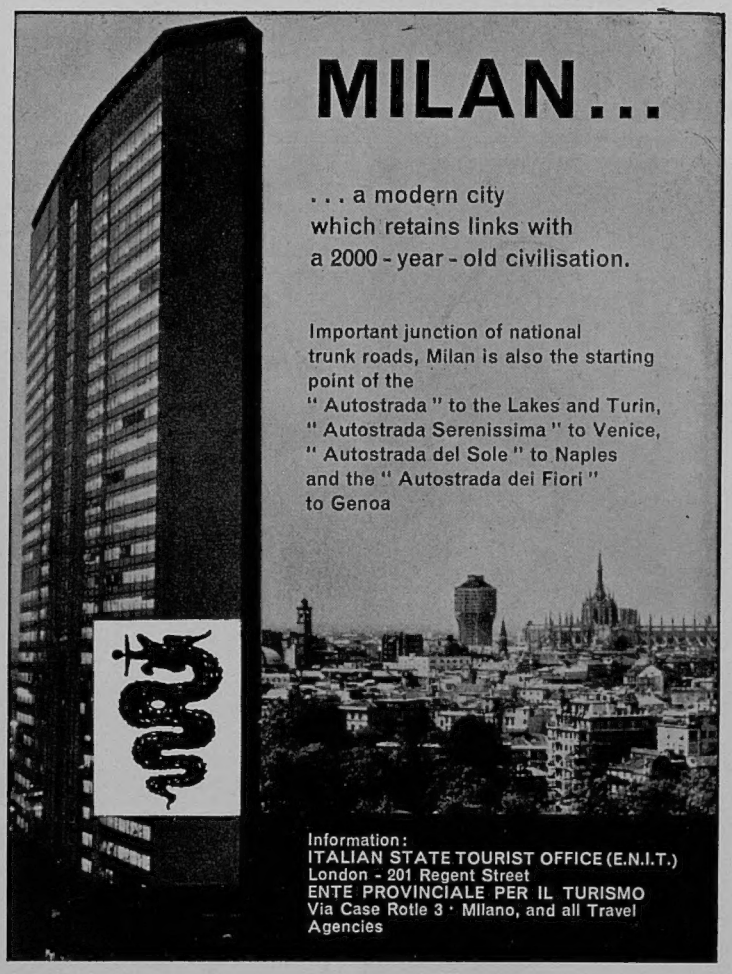
Actor **Arthur Mullard** in full flight.



Steptoe Junior, **Harry H Corbett.**



Singer **Dorothy Squires** (top).
Actress **Moira Lister** (centre).
Alfred Marks and model **Genevieve** (above).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THE ROLE OF AN IDLE ACTOR

At the last count, 50 per cent. of the acting profession were without jobs in the theatre, although the expansion of television is beginning to improve the problem. But what sort of spare time jobs do they take in the intervals when they are out of work? J ROGER BAKER reports

BETWEEN the packed tables of a crowded coffee bar the waitress squeezes balancing at shoulder height a tray of coffee cups and plates. As she takes an order you notice that her voice is slightly different from that of the usual waitress – sweeter in tone perhaps, more carefully modulated. And the face is vaguely familiar. Suddenly it clicks. She was the girl in that television play last week . . . the daughter who got hysterical. Right. She is an actress.

It is safe to assess that at any given moment half the actors in London are out of work. Or resting between engagements as they prefer to put it. The problem is becoming acute, so acute that Equity (the actors' union) are currently commissioning an unemployment survey. "The last one was in 1958 and a good 50 per cent were out of work. But since then television has expanded colossally, which means that large numbers of actors can be employed for short periods of time, so the overall picture may be different. We are trying to find out what the employment pattern is. We don't need a research department to find out that people are underemployed."

The Outsiders

The speaker is Peter Plouviez, assistant general secretary of Equity. "It is a fairly difficult problem for us," he says. "There is no unemployed actors scheme and all the time we are trying to reach agreement with employers that they will not bring in people from outside to act in plays or shows when there are Equity members available. They have to satisfy us that the person they want is the only person possible for that particular role. The Association of West End Theatre Managers does this already. But we know that employers do engage people who just cannot stay in the business, possibly because they are not good enough."

An actor's career is not necessarily one of steady progress – like that of a bank clerk or an advertising executive. A great performance in one play does not automatically lead to bigger and better offers. But an actor is always an actor and never anything else. As one boy put it: "Most actors are totally dedicated. You see elderly people still at it. It's depressing, but they still think they'll get somewhere – otherwise they wouldn't have started in the first place."

The house is large, elegant and in one of London's more exclusive areas. The owner may be a bit eccentric or may be having staff difficulties. She rings a domestic service agency and a man arrives. He is ordered to scrub the kitchen and scullery, clean the windows, polish the glasses and rub down the paintwork. Suddenly, giving him coffee or afternoon tea, the employer will look him straight in the face for the first time. Wasn't he the boy in that amusing little play they saw on Shaftesbury Avenue a couple of months ago? Right. He is an actor.

Terry Brown, who left RADA three years ago, prefers to do housework during his free periods. "I always used to do work in an advertising agency," he says, "but suddenly they stopped taking male staff. Then I was put in touch with this domestic agency. You get paid daily, which is good, and are therefore not committed for a period of time; you can break

off to audition or do parts on television."

He has had some amusing experiences – "One house was absolutely full of cats. There was one room I looked in and about 40 made a dive for the door" – and some squalid ones. "People don't realise you do the things you do just to stay in the theatre. It is more difficult for actresses, I suppose, because there are more of them. And if a man is married, then the pressure is on – he has responsibilities of wife and children."

Terry Brown's experience on the stage during the last three years has been intermittent. He toured Shakespeare for schools, did summer stock at Great Yarmouth last year, has done six television shows, but hasn't had an acting job since September.

The schoolchildren, restless at the start of a new day, flick paper pellets at each other waiting for the teacher to arrive. They are noisy, tiny and not particularly secure as staff problems mean a constantly changing staff. The door opens and in swings a new face. Silently they weigh her up. They are too young to realise, but their parents would. Wasn't she on a television show the other night? Right. She is an actress.

Supply teacher

Claire Davenport always does supply teaching between theatrical engagements because she was a teacher before she decided to go on to the stage. "Teaching is limiting," she says, "and I felt that acting would be more congenial to my temperament." She was, in fact, a late entrant into the theatre, winning her scholarship to RADA after she had settled into a teaching career.

Recently she has done a considerable amount of television work, notably with Mike and Bernie Winters. "I am in an awkward age group," she says, "and I thought I would be too big for telly. But I'm learning the medium and it has also taught me a vast amount about light entertainment – no one tries to emote in corners and there's no temperament. Everyone just gets on with the job."

Claire left RADA three years ago. She has done 14 television shows, two films (including the recent *Up Jumped a Swagman*) and has done heavy stints in provincial repertory. But she considers rep. pay insufficient. "It must be £25 a week to make it worth while."

In office buildings all over London the grey-suited clerks come each day and sit in the same desks. Perhaps they are a bit resentful of the temporary young man in the corner, answering telephones and making himself useful. But they are tolerant – after all, he is an actor.

Paul Martlew is at the moment out of work by choice: "I could go off somewhere and do repertory work, but I think I've done my bit there. I want to break into television and films." He is working in Peter Bridge's office: "I like to do clerical work of a theatrical nature. It is nicer, there's more money in it and I feel I am closer to things that concern me."

Like Claire Davenport, he was a late-comer to the theatre. "I signed up for five years in the RAF and did plays then. But I thought I'd have a shot at the stage when I came out. Nottingham Playhouse took me on as a student for a while and later asked me to go back and do a part in *Billy Liar*."

Congenial job

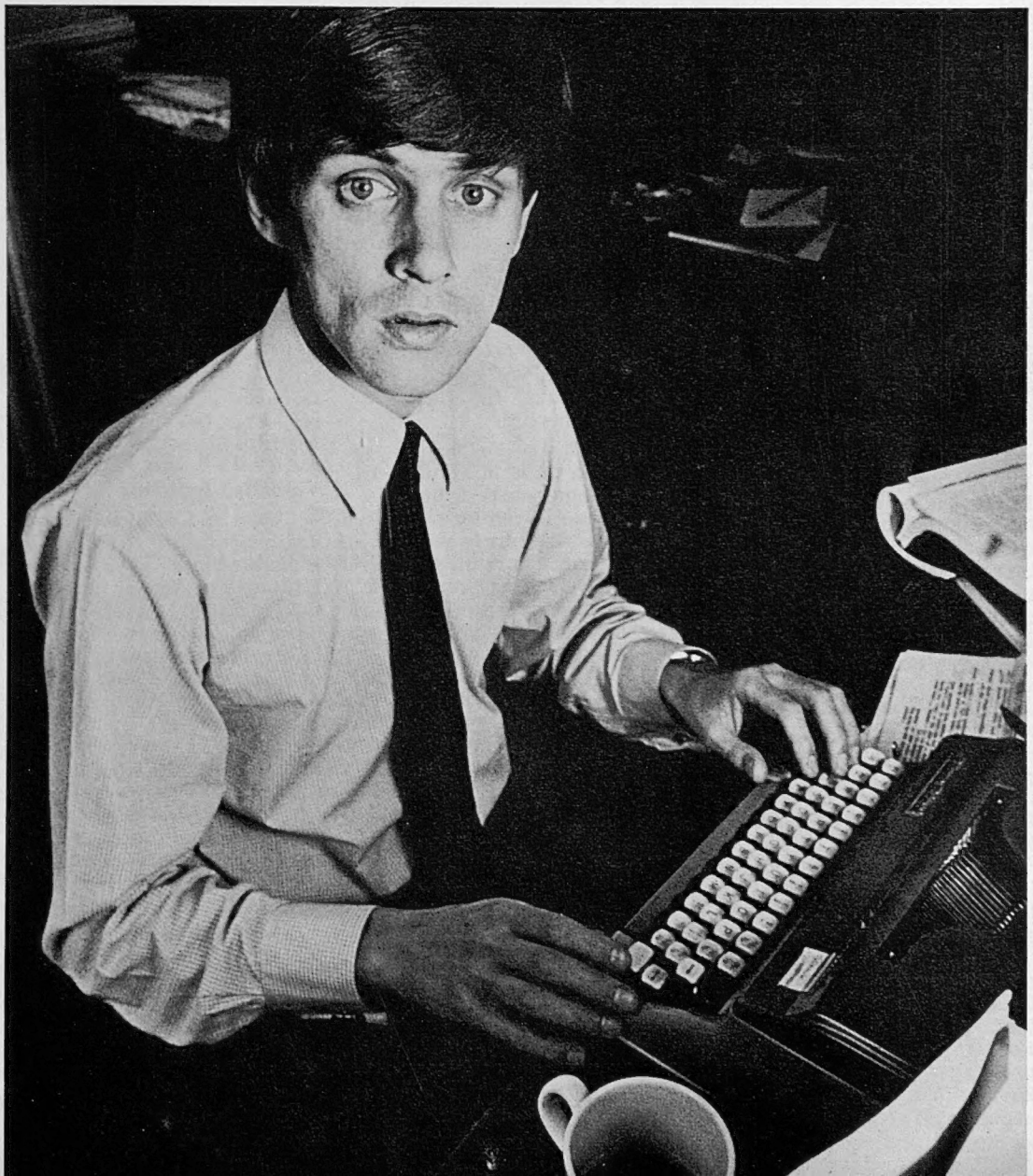
Since then he has done some television work, a film called *You Must be Joking*, lots of rep. in Leatherhead, Nottingham and Birmingham and earlier this year was in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* at the Prince of Wales Theatre. He feels it is worth while doing a reasonably congenial job until the right part comes along, rather than tackling anything that is offered.

Even a fairly long spell of no work need not mean complete severance from the theatre. All over London there are small clubs and groups for professional actors to put on plays, to experiment and keep in training. The Actors' Study is the most recent development, which is run by Sorrel Carson and Tai'ang Peters, and after some experiment has just mounted their first proper production – Chekhov's *The Seagull*.

It is an overcrowded profession. Says Peter Plouviez of Equity: "People who think they'll make a good thing out of going into the theatre must be discouraged. The mathematical odds that they'll be successful is bad. There are too many people after too few jobs. Only a tiny minority of any of our yearly intake makes a good living."

So that, Mrs Worthington, is that. Don't.

Paul Martlew is just one of London's 2,000 out of work actors. He prefers to wait and choose the right role rather than take anything that comes along. Meanwhile he fills in with clerical work (below); usually in theatrical offices.



THREE DAYS OF THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

Traditions of the summer months include many events that combine those key clues to the British psyche – *social* and *sporting*. Ascot, Henley, Cowes and Wimbledon attract the serious practitioners of racing, rowing, sailing and tennis-playing, but also the social fringe of those wanting to be seen as well as to see; those whose hats are as important as the horses.

Ranking high in prestige stakes is this week's major attraction, the Richmond Horse Show, the oldest purely horse show of its kind in the country. It has happened annually (with gaps during the war years) since 1892. The secretary, Mrs L Nickols, points out: "The traditional aspect is emphasised because people have learned what to expect – that one particular class is on one particular day, that the private enclosure is *there* and the private boxes are *there*."

The show, which is held in the Old Deer Park at Richmond (where Richmond and London Scottish rugger grounds are) is a three-day event (Thursday 9 June, Friday 10 June and Saturday 11 June). There are some 600 entries for the jumping competitions – of which there are three each day – and more than 1,400 entries in all, including hacks, hunters, children's ponies and show horses.

Biggest and most colourful attraction is certainly the Coaching Marathon. On Saturday afternoon (at 3 pm) 11 competing coaches leave the show ground and travel through Richmond, through Richmond Park and back to the ground.

The coaches are of all ages including road coaches (the London to Southampton sort) and private ones.

The show is under Royal patronage and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will attend on Friday, and other Royals are expected. The president of the show, the Earl of Westmorland, attends each day.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

Sir Winston Churchill, so long described as "the greatest living Englishman," died only 18 months ago. His place in history is secure and will surely remain unchallenged. His place in the hearts and minds of those of us who were, even for a short time, his contemporaries, is apparently more transitory.

On top of the controversial diaries published by his personal physician, Lord Moran, comes the news of the shelving of the costly project to film the story of his early life. Carl Foreman, who bought the film rights of Churchill's own book, *My Early Life*, for a figure in the region of £100,000, worked with Sir Winston on the draft script during the last 12 months of his life.

For Carl Foreman, a dedicated Churchill admirer, it was a personal tribute. A world-wide search for possible locations was made immediately after Churchill's death and it was clear that this ambitious project was going to run into several millions of pounds. The civil war in the Sudan, the frontier fighting between India and Pakistan in the North West Frontier region, where so much of the action was to be shot, caused further delay.

End of the line?

An official of the company, Open Road Films, told me this week: "There are now no immediate plans to set up the production." That, in my experience, is the euphemistic way that film people have of announcing the end of the line. Film producers have to be businessmen, and the sad fact is that, today, the name of Churchill would almost certainly be death at the box office.

Instead, Carl Foreman is now about to go into production with *Mackenna's Gold*, a swashbuckling Western.

Cassius Clay, alias Muhammad Ali, the controversial Heavyweight Champion of the World, won far more friends than enemies during his visit here to demolish our own Heavyweight Champion, Henry Cooper. His appearance on television the following night with Eamonn Andrews showed him to be natural, to have a great sense of humour, and to be almost wholly likeable. This, combined with his incredible talent, won him the friendship as well as the respect of the vast majority of British sports fans.

Vanished fortunes

I hope he doesn't suffer from disillusionment too soon. Boxers have always been fallible. Very few of those who have made fortunes have been able to keep them. Joe Louis was laid low by the tax man, Sugar Ray Robinson by his love of spectacular living, and Randolph Turpin by his weakness for women. Muhammad Ali, who gave up the Cadillac style of living when he joined the Black Moslems (who now receive the greater part of his income), is in danger of being destroyed by his ideals.

I believe he is sincere. I believe he sees himself as the champion of a rightful cause. When he ceases to be the champion of the world and a large source of income to the organisation, I hope the Black Moslems will remember and acknowledge the debt they owe him. I very much doubt if they will.

Postscript to the fight: The following conversation was heard at the box office of the Odeon, Leicester Square, on the Big Night, when a little old lady went to the cinema regardless.

"What's showing?"
"The Big Fight."
"Who's in it?"
"Clay and Cooper,"
"What is it?"
"A blood and thunder."
"Any love story?"
"Very little."
"Black and white?"
"Yes."
"Is there a happy ending?"
"Who knows?"
Well, she knows now.

Several weeks ago I reported the imminent arrival of George Q Lewis to organise the World Humor Congress in London for this summer. My suggestions that a suitable reception should be planned for him were not in vain. The London project has been abandoned. It is now to be held in New York in July and I have been invited to be a judge or at least to participate in the joke-telling contest on 19 July.

I may not be busy yet on that day, but I promise you I will be.

Some of you may have seen the announcement of my marriage on 6 June to Sandra Paul. A friend in America whom I had invited to the wedding wrote in reply: "I'm sorry I cannot be with you on this occasion, but I do hope you will remember me next time." With friends like that, I don't need any enemies.

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John Benton Harris

ONE PHOTOGRAPHER'S VIEW OF LONDON

Battersea Park. Easter Sunday – children watch the parade.

Near Victoria Station – boy and egg poster.

London has been described as the photographer's greatest gift: its people, its buildings, its great swathes of green, the soft and variable light represent a challenge, technical and artistic. *London Life* has asked its staff of photographers to say, in pictures, what London means to them. This week's personal view is by John Benton Harris. His own background:
1939: born, New York.
1959: studied at the New York Institute of Photography, taking courses in advertising, commercial and fashion photography.
1960: joined the Sinclair Oil Corporation, New

Speakers' Corner, Hyde Park –
a policeman gets drawn
into the argument.

The Decimus Burton screen, Hyde Park
Corner and the Hilton Hotel –
a contrast in architecture.

Portobello Road, Saturday afternoon –
running home with a bargain.

York, as an industrial photographer.
1962: began attending lectures given by veteran Russian photographer Alexei Brodvitch at Richard Avedon's studio.
1963: Three photographs accepted by the Museum of Modern Art for their permanent collection.
Drafted into the US Army. Spent two years in charge of photographic facilities in Vicenza, Italy.
1965: January: came to London for the first time to cover the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill.
August: came to London permanently.
1966: joined the staff of *London Life*.
Work has appeared in *US Camera*, *Life*, *The Observer*, the *Photography Year Book '66*.

Paul Hamlyn

The publisher who proved that books can be sold like soap

He is outstanding even among Britain's most successful new publishing impresarios. In 1949 he began with only £350, yet today the Hamlyn Group has a turnover of £10 million a year. CHARLES HAMBLETT reports on Hamlyn's success.

Though most practitioners of the unholy trade of publishing have long given up the idea that theirs is a profession for gentlemen, many still pay lip service to this threadbare notion, as a matter of expediency and because the old school tie can still provide some valuable protective camouflage in the money jungle. It helps, one supposes, to become all pi when confronted by an angry author who may feel, for any amount of highly justifiable reasons, that he has been taken for yet another ride by some scamp of a publisher. But this particular species, if not fast dying out, or taken over, or made bankrupt, has in the past decade been succeeded by a brash new tribe of publisher-adventurers who are turning the seedy old conventions upside-down and making fortunes out of the new emancipation.

The most successful, in financial terms, of all the new publishing impresarios is Paul Hamlyn, who allows himself to be described in a publicity handout as the publisher who "has proved that books can be sold like soap. Books may be different, but they are not that different." I am assured, too, that the Paul Hamlyn Group (which also sells gramophone records and reproduction prints of painting masterpieces at low prices) now has a turnover of £10 million a year. In September 1964 the group was acquired by Cecil King's International Publishing Corporation for over £2¼ million, most of which, presumably, went into Paul Hamlyn's pocket. He then joined the IPC board with a special responsibility for all the Corporation's book publishing activities, which were already selling some 20 million books a year.

Room at the top

In view of the gentle way Odhams Book department conducted its business under the aegis of Lord Southwood (which set a pattern for the 20 years which followed his death), it is quite understandable that Cecil King's organisation, which swallowed Odhams in a giant takeover a few years ago, had room for a brilliant Master Bookseller. For Hamlyn, who started his career by selling books shortly after leaving school at 15, is as much concerned with marketing his products as he is with manufacturing them.

His first job was as a messenger boy for *Country Life*. This was followed by a period as an assistant in Zwemmers bookshop in Charing Cross Road, then as a "superior office boy" for Samuel French, the play publishers, near Covent Garden. The war took him off to the pits of Wales as a Bevin Boy. Between working the night-shift and sleeping, young Hamlyn somehow managed to sell books to the local shops around Pontypool, acting as agent for a friend in a London wholesale bookseller.

Recalling his arduous early life, Hamlyn says: "Most of the time I was on night-shift. The great advantage of this was that I worked during the five nights of the week leaving weekends clear. Unfortunately the miner to whom I was assigned as 'butty' was the champion coal shifter in that area of Wales, and this kept me pretty busy."

Hamlyn, unlike the unfortunate Gareth Powell, has a family background more in keeping with the traditional publishers' image. "One or two members of my family still won't talk to me," he says amiably. Cosmopolitan and sophisticated, his parents came to London in 1933 as early refugees from the Nazis. The father was a physician specialising in children's ailments, his sister is a psychoanalyst and his brother is the poet and critic, Michael Hamburger.

Unlikely places

On leaving South Wales, Hamlyn joined the London book distributors as a full-time salesman, specialising in flogging books in the most unlikely places. In 1949, with a legacy of £350, he started his own firm, Books for Pleasure. At first the company concentrated on selling publishers' remainders. A breakthrough in sales came when young Hamlyn managed to persuade a number of great chain-store combines to sell his products over their counters.

"It's so important to be able to display your books," he says. "The public basically is not interested. Few people wake up saying, 'I'm going to buy some books today.' You've got to push books under their noses. I opened my first bookshop in Camden Town in 1949 after paying £200 for the lease and £150 for some stock – all the money I had. What saved me from bankruptcy was the fact that the London Zoo had a popular attraction at the time in Brumas, a little bear, and my shop was on one of the main routes to the Zoo. I stood outside flogging hundreds of Brumas books, a stroke of luck which helped me to survive in the early stages.

"Then I started buying up remainders and second-hand books that other booksellers felt they couldn't shift. Then I approached the major department stores – Lewises, Selfridges, and others – and they went like wildfire. Within a year I had about 300 of these outlets and was selling millions of books just as fast as I could get them."

In the mid-'50s, the company started publishing its own titles beginning with a series of children's classics. It's simply a matter of selling, says Hamlyn, "the right product at the right price." This product has included books on cookery, art, natural history and science. Not all of them were cheap; they included the *Larousse Encyclopaedia on Mythology*, a 100,000 best-seller at 3 guineas a time. But Hamlyn believes if a piece of merchandise is well packaged it will find a buyer. The visual impact of a Paul Hamlyn product is taken very seriously. He says: "Books should feel good. They should be pleasurable to handle. They should have sex appeal."

The book market in this country is still far too small in Hamlyn's opinion. "The majority of homes don't buy books in any quantity," he told me as we talked in his "John Wilder"-type executive suite high in the Mirror Building, in Holborn Circus, and only a few yards from Cecil King's office. "For too long families have been content with a Home Doctor, a Gardening Book, Mrs Beaton, and a tatty old Bible. And, if they have the courage, paperbacks of *Lolita, The Carpetbaggers, Fanny Hill* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. For the amount of leisure that's going there should be hundreds of books in every household. They're cheap enough. For the price of a cinema seat you can get a book that will last you a long time. There's a great, untapped market for books that has only started to be exploited."

Mail Order

The answer – in addition to flooding the stores and supermarkets with cheap books – is the mail order system. For years magazine and newspaper publishing houses have regarded their book departments as Cinderellas. Hamlyn, through the powerful ramifications of the International Publishing Corporation, is altering this situation.

"I think the main difference between us and most other publishers is that we're convinced that the market for books is 10 times as big as it is at present. The book trade can no longer afford to be stuffily conservative. To begin with the distribution of books has been backward. So the problem of getting the product into the homes of the public has been complicated. In most cases, the product itself has been wrongly packaged and promoted.

"And publishers have been too timid. Instead of printing 100,000 copies and going all-out to sell them, they've printed 15,000 and congratulated themselves if they've broken even with a potential best-seller. The economics of the old-style publishing houses has been such that they could exist by selling just 2,000 copies of a book. These people have been able to run inefficient companies and yet show a profit. And their output is often deplorably shoddy.

"We spend considerable time on packaging our books and making them look more attractive. It's important to enjoy 'the feel,' 'the look' of a book, be it a volume of poetry or a guide to motor racing. We've also tried to find out what the public wants instead of being loftily oblivious to its needs. Most of the books we publish we originate ourselves. We don't wait for an author or agent to send us stuff.

"I am sometimes accused of not encouraging future Prousts, or Hemingways, or Evelyn Waughs. Yet the literary publisher today rarely acts in the capacity of patient mentor willing to stake an unknown talent for 10 years in the hope of making a profit in the distant future. He is sent a manuscript by an agent and he either sends it to the printer or doesn't. That's all they'll really do for a writer, and then the way they go about selling a book is a sure way of keeping a creative writer on the verge of poverty. They just don't make worthwhile royalties. I think it's rather more important to create something, and get it to the public in large quantities. This year we're going to sell 13 million books. Ten years from now, who knows?"

With his Records For Pleasure and Prints For Pleasure selling millions of discs and art masterpieces cheaply to the masses, we shall soon be going to wine and cheese parties where the hosts are playing Bartok while gazing at a Francis Bacon print hanging over a massive bookcase filled with books that are bursting with sex appeal . . . all provided by Paul Hamlyn.

P. SIGNAC "Pont Royal, automne" 1930 *canvas 28¾" × 36"*

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PEOPLE LAUGHING

Ann Dunhill: laughs in retrospect at her recent escapades as a disc jockey in Portugal. She is now working in London as a free-lance model.

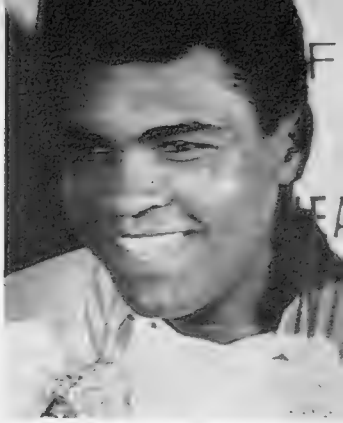
Judy Fallon (below): free-lance journalist working for the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Irish Times*. "I love laughing . . . there isn't enough about," she says.

David Hicks (above): a photographer amused at finding himself on the wrong side of the lens.

Fenella Fielding: the sound of the laugh is almost as important as the visual – sounds like sexy bathwater running out. She is rehearsing for a new play at the Mermaid Theatre called *Let's Get A Divorce.*

Clement Freud: father of five, food and sports commentator, is now food and drink consultant for the forthcoming Playboy Club: "I have an interest in the club . . . not the Bunnies."

Nicky Poulet: candy-floss tickles nose, therefore provokes big giggles. She is 18, her mother is French, she has been modelling for just over two years.



Cassius Clay, Muhammad Ali: laughs at a press conference.

Katy Scott (below): regards herself as a jill-of-all-trades, now installed as manageress of the Chelsea Bistro, 235 King's Road.

Fiona Chan: two-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs B Chan in her parents' garden in London. Fiona speaks baby-Chinese just now; the photographer's attempts to converse resulted in plenty of laughs.

Joe Scialmon: Joe of Joe's Bar at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, now International Host at the London Hilton. Before coming to London worked in New York as manager of the Marco Polo Club which only millionaires can join.

Noel Picarda: Scriptwriter for Peter Eton at Rediffusion laughing his head off. Past laughing matters have included cabaret at the Poor Millionaire and the Establishment, and contributions to TW3 and *Private Eye*.

THE BOULTING BROTHERS

The Boulting Brothers are twins and difficult to tell apart. John wears glasses and this helps until he takes them off and gives them to Roy. They are both tallish, slim, elegant, 53 (but look fortyish) and both give the impression of having a considerable but well-controlled energy. They have a theatrical appearance and their voices would do well on the stage. They have a critical awareness of everything that is going on around them but at the same time they are warm and natural.

Their office at British Lion is quiet and English. Instead of the glamour-pics you might expect (and hope for) there are sundry prints of boxing-men and a cricketer or two. Their switchboard and intercom to the secretary has a slightly temporary and ex-WD appearance, and the loudspeaker appears to work from an old car battery that perches on one window sill.

After 30 years of making films (there is a feature picture for almost every year) they are most widely known today for their comedies which rippled the mother-skirts of the Army, the Law, the Foreign Office and the Trades Unions. But films like *Carlton Browne of the FO* and *I'm All Right Jack* were only made after the Boultings had produced and directed every other type of picture from thriller to documentary and sociological drama. The Boultings do not regard themselves as comedians. John Boulting says: "I wouldn't say we were unrequited missionaries but we both have a deeply felt evangelical purpose – which is perhaps why we might be slightly cynical now." And Roy has said: "We, in fact, started our long series of comedies because people kept saying we were too intense, too serious."

Leaving school

They first joined the film industry immediately after leaving school and worked together as assistants to a man who was making short films for a small distribution company in Wardour Street. Initially, they say, they were only allowed to study "the technicalities of how to make a cup of tea and answer the phone," but after a year or so they had quickly progressed and were doing everything "from writing press handouts to directing some of the films, and this, they claim "was the most marvellous apprenticeship because there was nothing to stop us doing as we pleased. But today it could never happen," they add, "because the trades unions would never allow it to happen."

In 1937 they decided they had enough experience to start on their own and at the age of 24 they established their own company called Charter Films and set about their first production. They say: "It was a comedy – an alleged comedy anyway – and it cost us £800. But it was ghastly – it was so bad that we did the wisest thing we have ever done and decided to shelve it and start again." The next film, a two-reeled documentary on the harvest in Essex, worked and managed to get a distribution, and from there on they "had started."

John Boulting says: "We have tried in all the films we have made to say one thing – it might be narrow and I won't call it a philosophy because that sounds pretentious for films – but if you think of all the people who go to Carnaby Street or, all the people who go to race meetings, as a group they all appear to be the same. And they're not. Each person is uniquely different from the others and our concern has always been to remind them that they *are* different." And he then elaborates: "If the individual is forgotten, we are going to create a society devoid of interest and colour, and life will become stagnant."

The first film they made that roused the interest of the press was concerned with the fallibility of the human element in a jury. They called the film *Consider Your Verdict* and they say of it: "That film was terribly important to us because it was saying something – not in creative terms but in its idea – this is what we wanted and is indeed what we still want."

During the war the brothers separated and John Boulting was commissioned and after an interview by his Commanding Officer in a conversation which went . . .

CO: What do you do?

JB: I make films.

CO: Oh . . . don't you do anything useful? . . .

. . . was seconded to the RAF Film Unit. There he directed his first film, *Journey Together*, which featured Richard Attenborough. And Attenborough later starred in the second major film that John Boulting directed, *Brighton Rock*, the film version of Graham Greene's novel. A critic later spoke of John Boulting's direction of these films as displaying a "tough talent" and they certainly achieved acclaim. Roy Boulting (apparently equally valueless) was at the same time serving with the Army Film Unit and was given a directorial assignment on the now historic *Desert Victory* (1943).

Certainly one of their best films and even one which they themselves claim to be more satisfied with than most, was *Seven Days to Noon*. It was a thriller that had the immediacy of most of the Boultings' pictures and told of the disappearance of an eminent professor who had threatened to blow up Westminster unless all weapons of destruction were abolished. The Boultings maintain that it was the absence of star names which gave the film its rare quality. They followed *Seven Days to Noon* with *The Magic Box*, *High Treason*, and *Single Handed* and in 1954, *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, before they started their long run of comedy successes.

"I think," says John Boulting, "we are both, even now, still in a protracted adolescence – it may be a bit silly but it gives life a permanent sense of excitement, tension, enjoyment and suffering. Why else do we bother to be impassioned or angry? But then I find there are times when one really becomes impatient with one's own impatience and at times like that you look at yourself and say, 'Oh God, you are a bloody fool.' But we shall, I think, always believe – what is really an over-simplification – that society exists for the individual. Certainly it's a basic sort of old-fashioned radicalism, but it's more and more falling in to mis-use or disrespect and eventually it must come to be accepted again."

Without intrusion

The essence of the Boultings' success (as they claim) is that they have always made films to please themselves "without advice or intrusion." But it is relevant that they have managed to marry their art with box-office success, because without the money nothing very much is possible. And they are now starting their next production, which is the film version of a play called *All In Good Time*, written by the man who wrote *Alfie* – Bill Naughton.

The Boultings say they started making films because they were able to blackmail their nanny into regularly taking them to the cinema. "She used to conduct the most fascinating and er . . . unorthodox encounters with the local fireman or policeman, outside the back door at night. We went to the cinema a great deal and decided then that we would make films. This ambition has always stayed with us and we like making films, enjoy making them and perhaps we even need to make them." And this is possibly the best explanation of the Boulting Brothers' success.

MICHAEL STEPHENS

John Boulting (in glasses) makes a poignant gesture during work on a film with his brother, Roy.

GALAXY OF STARS AID THE GEORGE DEVINE FUND

When the history of the British theatre in the 20th century comes to be written, undoubtedly the name of George Devine will emerge with strength. Because he was quiet and diffident with the Press when not actually avoiding them, Devine has been an underestimated figure.

Though his career as an actor started in 1932 and covered an unusually wide range of experience, it was in 1955, when he became Artistic Director of the English Stage Company, that his true impact as a guiding mind was fully revealed. As a memorial to him, friends and colleagues have set up the George Devine Award. They plan to raise at least £20,000 to provide an annual grant of £1,000 to be made to any promising or unproved playwright, director or designer.

To begin the fund in spectacular style, an evening of extracts from plays is to be given at the National Theatre on 13 June. A splendid cast of British actors has been assembled; they include Laurence Olivier, Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Jill Bennett, Peggy Ashcroft, Albert Finney, Vanessa Redgrave, Joan Plowright and others.

The choice of plays for this evening reads like a potted history of the theatrical mind over the last decade. The famous modern plays are represented, of course – John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, *The Entertainer* and *Luther* – and there will be quick, potent references to some of the English Stage Company's most famous productions.

Seats for the occasion are priced from 5s to 10 guineas and are available from Mrs E M Herbert, 1 Langford Place, NW8. The idea of the award has captured international notice. In Paris, Madleine Renaud has given the proceeds from a special matinee performance of Beckett's *Happy Days*, and United Artists are offering the proceeds from the première of the new Jeanne Moreau film *Mademoiselle*.

A FRENCH ACCENT ON LONDONERS

Can the Englishman in London compete with the legendary amorous charms of the visiting Frenchman? Surprisingly, yes, says a new guide published recently in Europe for Frenchmen who are coming to Britain's capital. London's stores, antique business, and restaurants are also reviewed. Report by ARTHUR POTTERSMAN.

The highly regarded *Guide Julliard* – its Paris and Europe guide books are probably the best you can get – has just brought out a *Guide de Londres*. Editors Henri Gault and Christian Millau editorialise throughout like mad. Not only do they advise French men and women not to bother with London's stores – after all, you can get such things in Paris, and with less trouble. Not only do they advise on London's antique business (really worth while), with plenty of tips for evading the cheats of Portobello Road market.

Not only do they give London's restaurants a real going-over – such as: the coffee at the Savoy Grill is "*inbuvable*." Not only do they assess hotels so that the Ritz along with the Hilton and the Berkeley comes out as merely "*luxueux*," as opposed to the "*grand luxe; de toute première qualite*" of the Connaught and the Savoy (coffee apart).

They also include a few hundred choice words on London life for "*Messieurs Seuls*." Here is a translation:

Cooing girls

That time when Frenchmen getting off the train at Victoria were greeted by dozens of young girls, cooing all around them, by every kind of woman a man could wish for, that time has gone for ever. Alas! the Frenchman has lost his legendary rake's reputation, and in London now he is merely one among many – in the unhappy category of a man alone.

English women have learned how to dress, to make themselves up, to walk . . . They have learned the trick of being beautiful. We showed them how to do it – and that was our mistake. And they know it. However, when you take into account that Englishmen turn away from their womenfolk in droves – at least, they seem to be English*men* – London ought to be like a moor absolutely stuffed with game for the good hunter.

The worst luck for a French satyr would be to turn towards the delights of Soho, having heard with mounting excitement stories about the immoral goings-on in the parks, about the couples making love in their thousands . . . but such a French gallant would be sorely disappointed. Even the horrible taxi-game ("One pound in a cab . . .") is now forbidden. . . . Shady hotels are no good. Luxury hotels are no good. By law, Englishwomen must sleep alone.

The prudery and ferocious onslaughts of Britain's new Roundheads has brought that noble edifice of open, boyish libertinism tumbling down, and the field is now free for the kinds of disorders that we know in France.

The women have adapted themselves with skill. Most of them have become untouchable "hostesses," in nightclubs or low-down strip clubs. Others, moved by the desperate needs of men, have put telephones in their flats. A few years ago, a good-natured scoundrel compiled a directory of all their numbers, and their special facilities too, which he then published in a magazine you could buy at any newsstand. He had a terrific success with this, and would have made his fortune – but the police stopped him.

Other women, Flemish-style, rent flats, and beckon to passers-by from the first-floor windows to come up and warm themselves at their little log fires . . . (it's illegal for them to use the entrance hall for soliciting). The girls with the best reputations are in the charming village-like quarter of Shepherds Market, near Curzon Street.

The incorrigible will always be with us, still carrying on their naughty business in Soho. You can see them, for example, all along St Anne's Street [*they mean St Anne's Court. AP*], dreaming their dreams in front of the book-shops and specialist drug-stores. The way in which they proceed says much for the notorious British hypocrisy.

Coloured drink

As it's against the law for them to be paid direct, they have to find (and it's easy enough) somebody who can take the money for them. Usually it's a shady coffee-bar owner. Having got to meet the lady, you sit with her in a dim café. The waiter brings you two glasses – but you don't drink from them because the coloured liquid they contain is probably harmful. But you do pay for them.

The waiter takes them away, but he is careful to leave behind two little sticks, as "evidence." He brings you more glasses – two – four – six – 12. And you pay each time. You don't know which will be the last. But if you've got plenty of money, and you treat the girl nicely, a moment does come when, according to her tariff, she reckons that she has chatted enough – if *chatting* is the word we're after . . .

And counting the pile of sticks, she becomes quite suddenly mad with love. At least for a little while. So the law is observed, and the spirit of puritanism rests in peace.

Guide Julliard de Londres is on sale at Heywood Hill Bookshop, Curzon Street, price 39s.

Picture by Anthony Crickmay

BALLERINA FINDS A LITTLE HUSH

At the end of every dancer's day there are just a few moments to spare to relax in a favourite chair, take the weight off those much-worked feet, and look back on which performance that perhaps didn't quite work out as it should. Time for a little hush, in fact.

But Doreen Wells, a principal dancer of the Royal Ballet's touring section, also has other things on her mind. For from 9 June she will be returning to Covent Garden for a brief spell, first to dance Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake*, followed by leading roles in *The Two Pigeons*, *Pineapple Poll*, *The Invitation*, *Giselle*, and the new production of Rudolf Nureyev's *Raymonda Act III*. At the moment, though, Doreen is taking things easy, because soon she will be back in the rehearsal studio running through those roles in readiness for the discerning London public. And thinking about which performance that *must* "come off" this time.

THE MEN BEHIND THOSE FUNNY FACES

With summer here, the circuses are on tour again. Fewer than in former years for the Big Top seems to be a fading institution. Its demise may carry with it a large slice of simple pleasures – the panoramic thrills of stripey tigers, flying acrobats, bareback-ballerinas, and that beloved figure of laughter, The Clown. KARIN HART looks (behind the greasepaint) at some of these men.

THE caravan is cramped. A jumble of multi-coloured coats, hats and trousers hang from hooks all around. On a trunk-top, a collection of objects catches the eye, each piece a fantasy in its own right: a safety-pin as big as a coat-hanger, a pair of thick white shoe-laces two yards long; a flaming-orange mass of curls growing from what looks like a fleshy, deflated balloon; a jugful of campaign buttons, and a long fat cigar. Pinned askew to a light-bracket is a shiny red nose, and below dangles a vast yellow bow with black spots. A round-headed cane with barber-pole stripes is propped against the wall. Sticky-taped above it are three newspaper clippings, and higher up still hangs a photograph of a woman with a *bouffant* hair-do, her arms around the waists of two children.

There is a faint burst of brass-band ragtime somewhere outside, and staccato handclapping, and then the electrical resonance of a microphoned voice in the distance. The door opens outward, and a black-and-white shoe, the size of a watermelon and laced with red ribbon, thumps across the threshold, followed by a baggy shape of plaids, stripes and spots. The figure is topped by a head with a cartoon-face and a wild shock of strawberry hair. And then, with a lurch, comes the other shoe. Here is The Clown.

And now he begins to unmask. From a point that appears to be mid-brow, he peels back a rubbery pink panel. With a tug he flips off the strawberry thatch and tosses it to the top of the trunk. Underneath, his hair is grey and sparse, with a hair-line only an inch above the black rims of his painted-on eyes. With a gesture like turning a bottle-top, he loosens his bulbous nose, peeling it off by the web-like edges glued to his cheeks. He stretches his garish bow-tie up over his head and tosses that, too, to the trunk-top. Now he dips into a huge pot of cold-cream and slathers two dollops on to his face, scrubbing bare-palmed with a slicking, slapping noise till the blacks, whites and reds dissolve into grey. Then he picks up a cloth and wipes his face clean, splashing it with water from a bowl and patting it dry on another, cleaner-looking towel.

This clown, and scores of others like him in music-halls, pantomimes, and travelling mini-circuses around the British Isles, embodies the figure of an ancient *dramatis personae* – a role traditionally food for legend and curiosity. The clown is romanticised by public conjecture ("happy-face-with-sad-heart"); he is immortalised by theatrics and art (namely a long line of Pierrots, Harlequins, Merry Andrews and Joeys, not to mention the themes of "Clown" and "Harlequinade" that could fill an art gallery or run a whole concert season). Yes, admittedly The Clown is a figure that provokes the imagination.

What is there about this figure that unfailingly lends itself to fancy, be it tragic *or* comic? The obvious magic lies in spangles and sawdust – a contrast that easily symbolises the visual and emotional textures vibrating within the Big Top. Between these, The Clown is a pressure-gauge of comic-relief. Be he "Jacko," "Bruno," "Dumbo," or "Grock," this is his trade – the business of making people laugh. Our cover clown

continued on page 24

"Franko" (right) clowns to a captive audience (his 15-month-old daughter) between matinées at the Chessington Zoo.

hily Paulo, ring-mistress, brings on the next act while "Carlo" waits in the
ngs, saxophone poised to provide the blood-tingling fanfare.

The circus-ballerina, en route to her act, croons a tune to children in the circus kindergarten. The crop is for bareback riding, not baby-sitting.

MEN BEHIND THOSE FUNNY FACES

Continued from Page 22

"Franko" (a star of the tiny one-ring circus at Chessington Zoo) says simply: "It's automatic. If you're a clown, it comes out – whatever you do."

Out of the ring, "Franko" is a cheery but quiet man whose real name is Franko Paulo ("Scottish," he says). He and his two nephews, "Bruno" and "Carlo," team up daily for two matinées. Their history is typical: circus-life is a family profession. (There are six members in this circus family – three clowns, a mother who is ring-mistress, a sister who is circus-ballerina, and a wife who puts eight performing dogs through their paces.)

When clowning is not a family business, it happens to some by accident – school-leavers working a circus tour stand-in as "the stooge" for one performance. To others it comes as a chance at the big-time – would-be actors, who see clowning as a "start" in show-business. Clowns are usually multi-faceted performers, prepared to double as fire-eaters, tap-dancers, knife throwers, ventriloquists, or musicians. ("Franko" himself started as a bareback rider.) Yet with so much versatility, the brotherhood of clowns harvests the smallest crop of all-time-greats – so few they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

"Franko" practises the trumpet, one of the many facets of clowning.

To the majority of modern clowns, caravan-life is still "home" – even to those who hit stardom. By necessity, a clown becomes helplessly addicted to a nomadic life, travelling thousands of miles during the summer, from circus to circus.

English clowns are popular on the Continent, and many find special favour in the Scandinavian countries. This summer finds "Jacko" Fosset touring Sweden, and scores of others playing in France, Germany and Switzerland.

Even though Bertram Mills' Circus has been installed as steady winter-fare at Olympia for the past 20 years, Mills' "Coco the Clown," OBE, still lives in a trailer on the station grounds, and is known to tour England alone on private engagements when his own Big Top is not on the move. At present he is touring the length and breadth of the British Isles, lecturing on road safety at children's schools – a programme sponsored by the Lyons Tea Division.

With such a way-of-life (self-imposed as it may be), clowns often think differently about everyday things – things most of us rarely think of at *all* – like having one's own letterbox, a distant dream indeed!

The modern clown is an individual comedian – more so than was his counterpart 50 years ago. What spectator who ever witnessed the late-great "Grock" could forget his monolithic travel-bag, out of which, after due suspense, he would unearth one tiny violin which he was prepared to play with a mastery only surpassed by that of his comedy? And who remains unmoved by the performance of Emmet Kelly, Ringling Brothers' anti-clown, who wins laughter only in proportion to his own absurd sorrow?

Behind the scenes, "Carlo" engages in a moment of good-natured ro[u]gh-and-tumble with a zoo guard, while the "family" gathers after the mat[i]ée.

Photographs by John K[e]lly

Today the Big Top is a fading phenomenon. Only recently Bertram Mills, the Big Daddy of English circuses, was in dire financial straits. The question of its preservation was raised in press emphasis and public sentiment, but not until the question reached the Arts Council did it take on official proportions. The harangue included debates as to whether The Circus could be considered an "art" (a question any one of us who once sat on the edge of his seat, transported by the panoramic montage of stripey tigers, ephemeral acrobats, nimble tricksters, and horseback-ballerinas could have answered in a minute!). At long last, though, the take-over by Maxwell Joseph at the end of 1965 settled the bill, and the Mills Circus seems certain to continue its winter seasons at Olympia indefinitely – "Coco the Clo[w]n" included.

But smaller circuses will not enjoy the same salvation. At this moment they are expiring like the victims of a long and fatal epidemic. And what will become of the clowns? Doubtless some will survive . . . by means of music-hall seasons, the odd theatre role, and the laborious route of private engagements, The Clown ought not to become *totally* extinct. But these shallow pools cannot take up even a fraction of the entire slack.

They tell us that children have changed these days. We are *all* more sophisticated, less easily induced to simple follies. But even in an era when humour strives to inspire feelings too deep for mere laughter, the need for laughter still endures – as should The Clown, with all his magic.

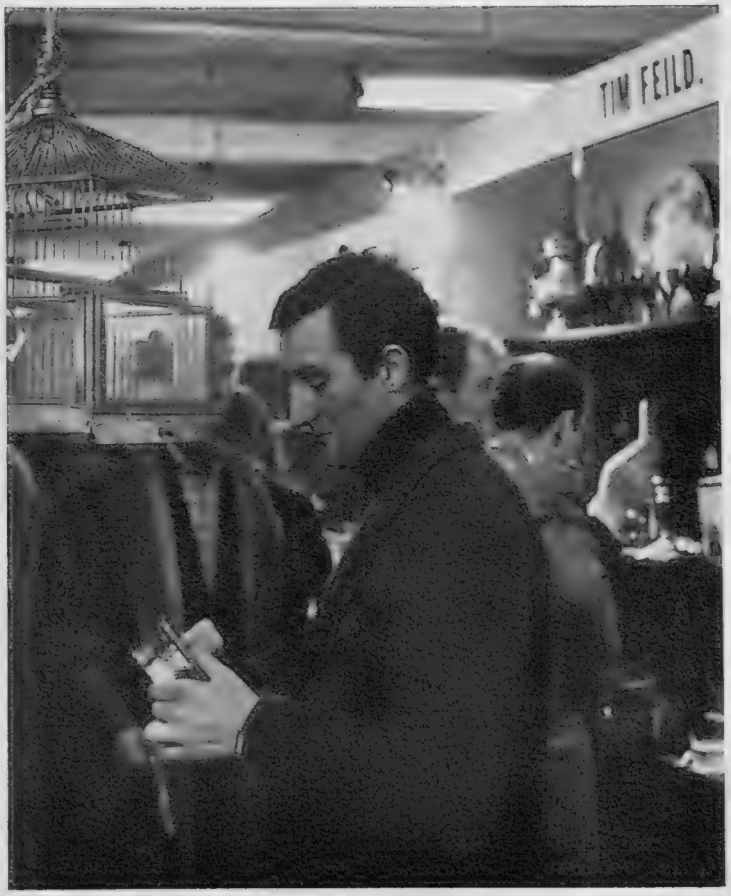
WHERE YOU CAN BUY ANTIQUES WHILE YOU EAT

Since it was opened in November 1965 by Dame Sybil Thorndike, the Chelsea Antique Market – one of the largest covered markets in Europe – has quickly established itself as a social focus for antique collectors, junk-hunters and bric-a-brac browsers. Now the market that started with 60 stalls in a picture framer's converted workshop, a huge barn on two floors – has expanded by another dozen stalls, extended its premises and added a terrace restaurant overlooking the King's Road. And even the silver ashtrays on the antique tables of this rooftop terrace are for sale. With the table and chairs.

Chelsea has always been famous for its characters, Bohemian, beatnik, artistic, literary or merely eccentric and the stall owners themselves are a representative cross-section. Each of them, from Cockney bygone dealers in knick-knacks, gewgaws or double-spouted tea pots, to the Bond Street Georgian silver expert who runs his stall as a sideline, have their own special fields in which their knowledge is, they consider, unrivalled.

John Sims, one of the directors and a specialist in old prints and period cartoons, describes the market as existing in a state of "incipient insanity." Creative disorder would be a kinder description. Short-skirted, tight T-shirted Chelsea birds bleach old oak cabinets in the market backyard; the young, in search of the old and beautiful, queue on the stairs up to the *art nouveau* stall, while businessmen critically consider a Queen Anne wardrobe as a new investment.

The market with its continual contrasts, jostling, bustling, bargain and beauty-hunting customers and packed stalls is certainly one of the busiest, friendliest and most characterful places in London.



Might almost be the entrance to a fun-fair. Well, it almost is a fun-fair – the crammed stalls, their artistic or eccentric owners and the jostling customers vying for attention. The Chelsea Antique Market has been open for six months and is increasing rapidly in size and scope.

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ANGELA INCE

Hypochondriacs are a happy lot these days. Or they should be, at any rate. This is a great year for people who are obsessed with the human body, its frailties, functions and the ills its flesh is heir to. What do we talk about when we go to dinner parties? Ulcers, asthma and arthritis. Intimate details are swapped across the dinner-table with a freedom that would make our grandmothers turn up their toes in horror. Mention the word anaesthetic over coffee and six people will be fighting to get in first with the epic tale of their operation, omitting no detail right from the way the receptionist at the hospital welcomed them to how they felt when the stitches came out.

What do we watch on television? Large sections of both BBC and ITV these days appear to be freely dramatised adaptations of *The Lancet*, and it's almost impossible to sit through an evening on either channel without living through a hypodermic syringe saga of one kind or the other. If it's not a serious documentary report on some medical problem of the day, then it's the long slog through Dr Kildare's glossy wards or *Emergency – Ward 10*'s romantic ones. And how many Sunday nights have we spent dashing mercifully through the heather with Dr Finlay?

What do we read in the newspapers? Illness used to be a private affair but now it's everyone's cup of tea. The latest controversial war diaries to cause indignant letters to *The Times* were not a general's account of tactic and manoeuvre, but a doctor's account of temperature and pulse rate. When President Johnson had his operation we not only had a cut-by-cut description of the proceedings, but a repellent picture of his scar when the whole thing was over. And should anyone with the faintest claim to celebrity go into hospital, we are overwhelmed with hourly bulletins on his condition.

It is with the Sunday newspapers, though, that those who lie awake uneasily listening to their lungs rustling and their hearts thumping really come into their own. It is on Sunday mornings that hypochondriacs can settle down with a cup of coffee and a cigarette (hypochondriacs are terrified of smoking, but they are even more terrified of not smoking) and read the medical columns thoughtfully provided for them. They range from Dr Goodenough in *The People*, who writes friendly little philosophical pieces ("Lost – that old bedside manner") to Cedric Carne in the *Sunday Express*, who writes in a bracing, no-nonsense, empire-building way ("A broken rib? It's just a nuisance"). They include a sort of medical agony column called Aches and Pains in the *Sunday Mirror*, Dr John Trevor on Health in the *Sunday Citizen*, and endless scholarly pieces by Our Medical Correspondent in the prestige Sunday papers.

The healthiest

Considering we're supposed to be physically just about the healthiest generation of all time, I think it's rather absurd, this morbid fascination with sickness and health.

Once upon a time, if you said How do you do? to someone, they simply said How do you do? back again, and that was the end of that, Now, though, if you ask someone how they do, they'll up and jolly well tell you, and I wish they wouldn't. How pleasant it would be to dismiss disease as the prime subject of conversation, and bring back, for instance, good old Weather. Instead of Dr Kildare on television we could have a gripping series about a gallant young man in the Meteorological Office risking his life to save the secrets of our long-distance weather forecasts from sinister Chinese agents. Instead of *Emergency – Ward 10* we could have *Carry On, Cloud-Watchers*, an everyday story of life in a weather balloon.

And at dinner parties we could talk about rain, frost and snow, instead of lungs, liver and heart. Not so intriguing, perhaps, but, frankly not so sickening, either.

Government departments have an unhappy knack of cunningly sighting their posters just where they're least use. Go into a post office to buy a television licence and what do you see? A poster telling you to go into a post office and buy your television licence. Drop into the town hall to get polio immunisation and what's the first thing that hits your eye? A poster suggesting it might be a good idea if you get immunised against polio.

Most irritating

This poster-siting reaches its most irritating level in the passport office in Clive House, Petty France. Last week when I rushed in to renew an out-of-date passport at the last moment, the first thing I saw was one of those helpful posters. "Going abroad on Holiday?" it said smugly, "then don't forget to check that your passport is valid." Since the only possible reason you go to the passport office is to renew your passport, or get a new one, this poster seems to be as useful as reminding someone who has just jumped out of an aeroplane not to forget to strap his parachute on.

Anyway, why can't the Foreign Office send me a reminder when my passport needs renewing, like the people who deal with driving and TV licences?

When elderly gentlemen think you are playing bridge in a naïve or unsubtle way, they call it "kitchen bridge." And in a recent *Times* leading article on Vietnam, "kitchen logic" was compared unfavourably with "sophisticated defence of official policy." I don't know where it came from, this suggestion that the kitchen carries with it an unsophisticated aura, but I think it's out of date. The average contemporary kitchen is about the most sophisticated room in the house. It is banked with dials, push-buttons and warning lights. It is littered with recipes garnered from remote Polynesian islands or the depths of Provence. It is, or can be, stocked with hearts of palm, guavas, or quails' eggs. Kitchen logic indeed!

THE NEW MUSIC THAT'S RISING FROM THE EAST

Jazz has reached a crossroads – the old sounds have reached ultimate refinement, the new sounds are too remote and rarefied for general adoption. Viewing the scene, HUGH BLACKWELL suggests a solution in the East.

"I never learned anything at school because I didn't believe what the teachers were telling me. And anyway, I could see that even they were bored to death by it all." And so Archie Shepp, leader and most articulate of the New Musicians, taught himself to play the alto saxophone instead, because he liked the phrases Charlie Parker played.

Shepp's sound, like his words, and like the sounds of the other new musicians is uncompromisingly divergent and reactionary. If music must be bound under the laws of harmony, have melody and rhythm, and be beauty-orientated, then the new sound is certainly not music.

Outrage, frustration, speed, precision, disunity, egotism, despair and insanity; jazz has always been a reflection of its time, and these are the primary moods reflected by the jazzmen of today. The new music ranges from electronic sonic zoom noises, booms, gongs, bells and harps, to the free jazz of Albert Ayler, the psychedelic anti-music of Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra, and the advanced folk songs of the Fugs, most of whom are recorded on ESP records, an American recording company.

The Fugs are hysterical and noisy and they have no special connection with the Fug for Peace campaign currently popular among those who listen to their music. Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra are 10 bald Negroes who dress in luminous ceremonial robes for personal appearances, sit in a circle in total darkness except for the glow off their clothes. Sun Ra chants and plays the spiral gong, celeste and sun harp. Other instruments in his orchestra include thunder drums, bells, bass whistle, clarinet, triangle, piano and water pipe, apart from the usual instruments of a regular orchestra.

Albert Ayler, a tenor saxophonist, is the best known of the New Thing noisemakers. *Melody Maker* has been busy controverting about him for months. Musically he is way out on a limb, neither protesting, dissenting, prophesying nor even really contributing creatively.

Explosions by Bob James is the most experimental of the recent ESP releases, combining electronic sounds and jazz. Once music goes electronic it is in another sphere altogether, the possibilities are infinite and the result is often chaotic. In this case the rhythm generated by the Bob James Trio just holds the LP together, while above the rather standard jazz-science-fiction-outer-space-type cosmic shrieks, drones, thuds, echoes, creaks, static, drag-race sounds and distorted voices over intercoms happen at random.

Ran Blake Plays Solo Piano, another ESP release, is a better example of new music. Controlled, precise, emotive, Ran Blake relies on the purity of silence and the single note to hold attention. This requires precise timing and resolve but he demonstrates effectively on *Stratosphunk* by playing boogie at the top of the scale that he can swing when he wants to. It's a shame he does not swing more often; but he plays good blues.

These ESP releases indicate the various different directions that jazz could now take. Monk, Mingus and Coltrane, the giants of the last generation, have gone as far as they can go; all they can do from now on is to refine the sound they are already making.

A crossroads has been reached and many young musicians are ready, having absorbed what their last group of heroes had to say, to go in a new direction. They can't go electronic because they do not physically have a sound library and the necessary tape decks. They cannot go solo because they don't like being lonely. They cannot follow Albert Ayler's mournful trail because he does not swing, and jazz just must swing to communicate. They cannot go cosmic because they don't want to be prophets of the future but musicians of the present. Shepp will show the West the way, but there is now the East to reckon with. Until recently jazz has been monopolised almost entirely by America. Jazz in its modern form was born there and has stayed there and despite its original African origins no great jazzman has emerged from any other country except America. Now, however, musicians even in America have started to turn towards the East for inspiration and new ideas. Ravi Shankar, an Indian musical prodigy, has suddenly found that his popularity is not just confined to his home country.

Ravi Shankar is the recognised master drummer of India, but of choice he plays the sitar, a large stringed instrument, resembling a guitar in shape but not in sound. To date Ravi Shankar and his band have made seven tours of America and have been well received by the public and the press; he has yet to come to Britain.

Ultimately the new sound makes itself felt in popular forms, as exploited, for example, by groups of musicians. This is The Move, the best of Birmingham's local groups which made the blasé crowd in London's Marquee Club actually dance. The Move has absorbed the influences of R & B and the pounding jazz of Charlie Mingus. They also play Indian-based music which contrasts nicely with their Chicago suits.

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WOLF MANKOWITZ and the Pickwick Club

Novelist, playwright, journalist, film and TV writer, poet, lecturer, authority on ceramics – that is the range of the amazing Wolf Mankowitz, who finds success in diversity. Here, JOHN VINER looks at Mankowitz in another role – as restaurateur.

Interior of The Pickwick – unostentatious comfort, with good food.

In this year of success, 1966, we are well accustomed to the sudden, blinding rise to fame of overnight personalities. Such is the profusion of star talent that each time the television glows into life it becomes harder and harder to stay at the top. Perhaps talent alone is no longer enough to ensure permanence, diversification would seem to be the answer. Certainly it is as far as Wolf Mankowitz is concerned.

The son of a second-hand dealer in the East End, he has become successful in more subjects than most people have hobbies. He is a novelist, playwright, journalist, film and television scriptwriter, poet, lecturer and his books on English ceramics have become standard works of reference. Tacked on to this impressive list one must add the title: restaurateur. If Mankowitz feels slightly ravaged by the demands of the written world ("I feel like a writing whore"), his affair with The Pickwick Club is a more distant love. . . . "I'm too busy even to read the balance sheet." This statement of disenchantment he delivered leaning across the lunchtime table at his Pickwick Club.

At ease in open-neck sports shirt, suede jacket surrounded by the elegant, button-back seats, fresh table linen and the omnipotent silver tureen in the middle of the room, he talked of his restaurant club and why he has spent £30,000 on it. "I started it because there is a need in London for a place where theatricals can go without being asked for their autographs. They feel comfortable among their own."

Comparing the club with one of his plays, like *Make Me An Offer*, Mr Mankowitz said: "The Pickwick is more trouble than two musicals: with a successful show you can leave it alone. Here there is a different show every night." In spite of his almost daily appearance at the club he fails to see himself as the traditional pot-bellied mine host. "I've got a middle-aged spread but that's all. At the moment I'm not interested in food, because of my weight and I'm no expert on drinks. Even at home friends who want a drink mixed have to help themselves."

He paused to gaze at the remnants of roast lamb on my plate. "Was that good?" I said it was and he replied, "It should be good: we practically catch the things ourselves."

Mr Mankowitz, for all his observations on the quality of lamb, is delighted to maintain the air of a dilettante. He says,

with a note of wishful honesty: "I don't think I'm a shrewd member of the restaurant business. My competitors think I'm a sucker." And lest anyone should think his move, with Leslie Bricusse, into the restaurant business should herald approaching poverty, Mr Mankowitz pointed out that although profits were small on food and only a bit better on drink, it was still a very chic thing to do, running a restaurant.

Although he professes to be merely a "light" cook ("Len Deighton is a cook, I'm a writer"), he is much in love with his wife's cooking. He got her to try out a number of Russian dishes before deciding on the menu for the club's newest departure – a downstairs room entitled The Uncle Vanya Room. "Down there," he says, "I wanted to put together something theatrically Russian, not Cossack Russian which is terribly square." Now open in the evenings the room has a darkly red atmosphere with murals depicting characters in Chekov plays.

As a between-courses diversion, the faces of the characters are all Pickwick members, which means that Cliff Richard and George Harrison Marks, the glamour photographer, make untypical appearances.

Of course, The Pickwick has been unable to avoid the conformity of a beat group in residence, but Mr Mankowitz manages to discuss them without sounding too devoted. "They are called the Pedlars. They play downstairs when they're not doing anything else. I suppose they'll stay until they are earning a thousand a week."

About the question of expense in his club, he says: "I don't think the place is expensive (lunch menu is 1 guinea per head). After all, actors belong to an archaic profession, with an archaic tax system so they don't have a lot of money to spend. These days pop singers are the ones who spend all the money here."

Certainly Mr Mankowitz has established a theatrical niche in London. His customers enjoy seeing him amble through like a social buffalo, passing opinions, listening to arguments and always with that pre-occupied frown on his face.

His ambition, he confided, is a very lucid thing: "I want to get the club going to the stage where it's making a bomb – then sell it."

'Len Deighton is a cook I'm a writer'

'I don't think I'm a shrewd member of the restaurant business. My competitors think I'm a sucker'

'I'm too busy even to read the balance sheet'

WHAT MEN ARE WEARING

Tom Wolfe (above): Author of *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flaked Streamline Baby.* His off-white, light wool suit was made for him by Jack Newfield of New York ("the best artist tailor in the world").

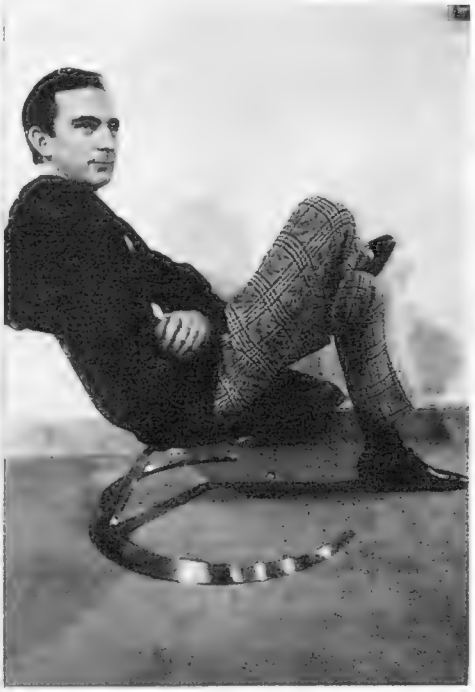
Jon Shannon-Bristol (above): American painter now resident in London currently working on a new theme involving old clothes covered in plastic which he calls "Contemporary Fossils." He is wearing a woollen suit made for him by John Stevens in tan, russet and green Scottish check, with a tie and matching pocket handkerchief of pink and mauve Art Nouveau printed silk.

John Lucarotti (above): Film and television writer who prefers casual clothes – hates shirts. He is wearing a navy-blue cardigan, light grey turtle-neck sweater in lightweight wool and grey and black Prince of Wales check trousers in lightweight woollen worsted – all by John Michael. Socks and suede shoes are in charcoal grey.

Jonathan Abbott (right): wearing a champignon-coloured crepon shirt and tie, by Philip Stevens, and grey worsted suit by Major Heywood. Photographed at a private viewing theatre, by Aram, at Pritchard Wood & Partners, the advertising agency, where he is one of the art directors.

Gerry Turner (above): Works in display for Austin Reed. Wearing a three-piece suit in grey Prince of Wales check, with a shirt in pale-blue and lemon, both by Austin Reed. The mustard and lemon Paisley tie is from Just Men, and the black and white leather brogues were bought in Spain.

Gerald McCann (above): Top London designer who loves to wear spots, stripes and check together. The beautifully cut hand-made double-breasted suit is navy-blue lightweight wool. Suit and hand-made check shirt maker? Both top secret.



Bob Pollock (above): Fashion PRO with his own firm photographed in the Intercraft Designs showroom sitting in a hand-made Scimitar chair that he has just bought. He is wearing black and white check trousers from John Michael (a birthday present from his wife), a black jersey jacket and grey silk polo sweater by Washington Tremlett.

Simon Dee (above): Wearing a mohair suit designed by himself. All pockets are sloping and the cuffs turned up. His shirt is a floral design made by Liberty for him. Simon has his own show on Radio Luxembourg.

Douglas Charles Asbey Crowe and **Antony Howard Cox** (left): Mr Crowe (on the left), Director of Washington Tremlett shop in Conduit Street, is wearing a dark-blue English voile shirt with a very low collar, soft interlining and button-down points. The front hem is two inches wide with buttons spaced in Guards style. Plain pale-blue bow tie is in guntwill. Mr Cox, a salesman in the shop, is wearing a pink silk shirt with white collar and cuffs, and Tandem-style buttons. Large polka-dot bow tie is in red and black guntwill. All from the Washington Tremlett shop.

Michael Ratcliffe (right): Assistant Literary Editor of *The Sunday Times*, photographed in his office, wearing a slim-fitting double-breasted charcoal-grey suit by Jaeger, in whipcord. The shirt is double-striped black on ivory, with a black Alpaca tie. Both are by Jaeger.

WENDY CRAIG... just like an actress

Wendy Craig's life has been geared to the acting profession from her earliest years. For her, acting has always been *It*. On stage or in front of the camera, the impression is one of placid, crisp poise – a quality she has developed perfectly over the last 10 years. She is now, indeed, an actress to the fingertips, which will be confirmed in her first comedy film, *Just Like a Woman*. KARIN HART presents a portrait of this remarkable actress who is exploring important new vistas as a comedienne.

Just Like a Woman is a new comedy. A marriage-life farce – *that's* old. Full of slapstick situations – *that's* old. Ending happily-ever-after – *that's* old!

How then, is it *new?*

Because it's the first film comedy for actress Wendy Craig, who plays the leading role of a rebellious-wife working up a communal-bathroom complex. To wit: she can't abide them. In this whimsical vein, Wendy Craig launches a new screen-image as comedienne extraordinaire. We emphasise the word "screen" because, by all reports, Wendy's *personal* image – and, in fact, her stage history – has long combined a sharp bent for humour.

Attunement

Wendy is an actress to her fingertips, a quality made obvious in many ways: in mannerisms, in speaking voice, in conscious attunement to setting and conversation. The parts she plays carry their mood, if not their actual movements and make-up, into her private hours – a trait of which husband Jack Bentley, show-business journalist, is especially aware. Says he: "I can usually spot the type of role Wendy's playing, sight-unseen, by her behaviour at home." Then he added: "Between you and me, she turned into an absolute *kook* when shooting started on *Just Like a Woman* . . . which must have been a change for him and the two Bentley boys, Ross and Alaster, for one simple reason: to date Wendy has filmed solely dramatic roles. (Remember her in *The Servant, The Nanny* and *Room at the Top.*)

Wendy protests, though: "It's not that I intend to act off-stage as well; it's simply that feeling a character becomes so important to me that it becomes part of my life."

Kenneth Tynan once described Wendy as "one of the five best young actresses in the world" – a plaudit indeed. But Jack Bentley, who as a rule will not editorialise on his wife's talents, responds: "Whether or not she's this century's La Duse isn't for me to say. But I will agree that comedy suits her. Inside, there's a frustrated clown that's always wanted to get out."

Wendy's latest success seems to indicate the ultimate in dramatic talent, completing her scope of media and adding the crowning accomplishment: versatility. And an accomplishment it is, because Wendy has worked – and worked hard – at her acting career. To hear her tell it now, the life of an actress – with two children, a journalist husband, and a steadily increasing demand on her professional talents – is a well-oiled piece of machinery. "Life is smooth and complete," says Wendy. "It's mellower now, easier. I'm able to be with my family often enough without feeling a constant pressure to 'get on with it'."

But 10 years ago things were different. "It was *all* happening," she remembers. She was 21, she had finished dramatic school, and she had just married Jack. Her first baby was soon on the way. Theatre commitments were beginning to gather momentum. With her appearance in J B Priestley's *Mr Kettle and Mrs Moon* her notices gathered steam.

Sheer determination pulled Wendy through a climactic era. Wendy is a deliberate person. Her movements are precise, her words are well-chosen, her opinions reflected upon. This same knack for deliberation was perhaps the mark of genius she applied to her expanding career. "It was important that the roles I took should be work with integrity," she recalls. "It still *is* important! But especially then, I had to be careful what kind of roles they were. Trashy material is no particular gain, simply because it puts an actress in front of an audience. Exposure isn't the thing – too much of the wrong kind can damage a career irreparably, especially when the whole future is there to be moulded. Now it seems as if the foundation is laid. I'm glad I was careful – very careful – even though it was a long slow haul, and didn't make me rich. Or at least, hasn't yet."

If this kind of foresight implies a touch of cool calculation, one must also admit that it testifies to her commitment. Wendy expounds: "If you want to do something well, you've got to commit your whole being to it." And Wendy *did* want to do it well. She can't remember a time when she didn't want to be an actress. From childhood days on her parents' farm in County Durham, through schooldays in London, to drama classes at the Central School of Dramatic Art, acting was It.

Face-to-face

Wendy's singleness-of-purpose doesn't permit her other outlets. On stage or in front of the camera, she finds all the release she needs for excess emotions. Indeed she must – because face-to-face she portrays neither tem-

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Wendy Craig in one of her first screen roles in *Room at the Top* (1958).

The Servant (1963) established Wendy Craig as a film actress in her own right. With her is James Fox.

A scene from *The Nanny* (1965), with Bette Davis.

The madcap Scilla (Wendy Craig), heroine in *Just Like A Woman*, registers dismay in one of the series of comic crises that plague her.

perament nor spontaneity; the impression is one of placid, crisp poise. In public, she seems to wear an air of studied response that can't be credited with effusive warmth *or* remarkable depth. Yet past roles bear witness to the currents beneath the surface, which must run hotter and surge deeper than the efficient, cool façade would seem to say. (Her bright red-headedness would be a mythical but final contradiction.)

"Actually, I'm glad my creative outlets are limited to acting. If I had other interests, something would have to suffer. As it is, what remains of my time can go completely to my home and family."

Wendy and Jack live in a 4-bedroom semi-detached house in Chiswick. "I can describe the atmosphere best by calling it 'venerable'," she mused, as if reciting a well-learned soliloquy. "We're sentimental about our home. I remember once a couple of years ago we had it painted – a general sort of spiffing-up. For *weeks* after that it didn't seem like home – it was like a poorly done stage set for a home scene. There was nothing to make it lived in."

Most of the Bentleys' friends live in smart flats or mews cottages, with slickly designed interiors that create a sharp contrast to Wendy and Jack's house. Yet Wendy reports that they themselves prefer "an atmosphere where two little boys, aged 9 and 4, can be as rough-and-tumble as they please, where home is home" – and where, hopefully, Wendy can come off-stage, off-camera, and cease performing.

Family life is usually an evening-and-weekend affair. Wendy's hours and Jack's theatre page schedule coincide ideally. Their likes and dislikes for leisure time

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Scilla (Wendy Craig) muses over the luxuries of her new home (left and centre), which in actuality turns into one grand and gargantuan bathroom. It should have been a dreamworld after life in a boarding-house bedsitter (right).

"Madam" views an extravaganza of bathroom luxury, her eyes alight with the revelation of everything a bathroom *could* be – as demonstrated by an attentive salesman (Dennis Price).

WENDY CRAIG (CONTINUED)

coincide, too; they both enjoy music and frequently go to concerts or jazz festivals, or simply stay home with their records; they enjoy walking, and on weekends spend favourite hours in nearby Chiswick House Park with their children; they both steer clear of active sports. Says Wendy with concise wryness: "I don't believe in sport – I think it's dangerous! Ever since the days when I had to match my brother's horsiness and put on a good show of loving it, I've dreaded physical activities. I'm much, much happier sitting home with lines to learn."

Life is a total sphere of acting for Wendy. Mentally and physically she seems hemmed in, glossed over, girded round by things theatrical. After the applause, after all the future roles and rave-reviews which can rightly be predicted for this rising star, Wendy Craig will doubtless remain the devotee she has persisted in being so rigidly and is still at this moment – – an actress to her fingertips. There is something to be said for so much single-minded dedication to her chosen profession – the rewards it reaps will be substantial and well-deserved.

THE ESSENCE OF SUMMER

Perfumery is an art, and much care should be taken to find the right fragrance for the right person. The ultimate choice is your own, but different moods and personalities call for different scents and here we suggest six lingering fragrances to follow you through summer.

Words by Gill Evans
Pictures by Peter Akehurst

MOUCHI

– Young, gamin and fun – a recent arrival from Paris. Basically an earthy scent . . . fresh-cut grass, green moss with underlying floral tones. Intended to be used by girls and boys. Price 18s at Woollands; Selfridges; Simpson.
The Mouchi girl (left) wears a lilac spotted Tricel shirt with deep plum bellbottoms. Both by Londonus: shirt 4 guineas, trousers £2 19s 6d at Polly Peck Boutique; Merle; Fifth Avenue. Softest leather flatties £3 9s 11d at Russell & Bromley. Flat blue hoops by Corocraft 12s 6d at Selfridges.

Woollands, Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 6000).
Selfridges, Oxford Street, W1 (MAY 1234).
Simpson, Piccadilly, SW1 (REG 2002).
Polly Peck Boutique, 37 New Bond Street, W1 (GRO 7357).
Merle, 44 Thurloe Street, SW7 (KNI 1950).
Russell & Bromley, 24 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 6903).
64 King's Road, SW3 (KNI 5445).

CALDEY No. 1

– Simple, demure and unpretentious. Made by Cistercian monks on Caldey Island, off the Pembrokeshire coast, the fragrance is distilled from the wild flowers to be found on this tranquil island. Prices range from 7s 6d to £3 5s for the scent, also Colognes and bath essences to match. Available from Caldey Abbey. Evening mood is caught in this simple white chiffon georgette dress (left), circled in gold at collar and cuffs. By Shubette of London £6 9s 6d at Fifth Avenue. Featherweight gold-coil earrings by Corocraft £1 9s 6d at Dickins & Jones.

Caldey Abbey, 2 Thurloe Place, SW7 (KNI 2557).
Fifth Avenue, Regent Arcade House, Regent Street, W1 (REG 3766); 184 Oxford Street, W1 (LAN 6175).
Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W1 (REG 7070).

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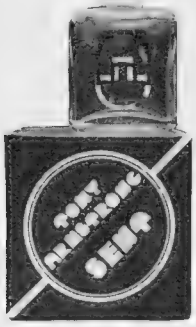
THE ESSENCE OF SUMMER

(continued)



SENT

– has been produced by Tony Armstrong for the girl who enjoys good clothes that will fulfil her social calendar and never look out of place. An adaptable scent with strong spicy cypress tones enhanced by rose and jasmine. Price 2½ guineas for ½ oz bottle. The Tony Armstrong girl (right) wears his pale-blue piqué coat 25 guineas from Tony Armstrong Boutique. Her bright pink straw halo hat by Panda, £4 9s 6d at Fenwick. Wig by Leonard.

Tony Armstrong Boutique, 109 Walton Street, SW3 (KNI 5712).
Fenwick, New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 9161)
Leonard, 6 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 5757).

JOLIE MADAME

– by Balmain – A scent for summer, sophisticated, very feminine. Floral tones of rose, jasmine, orange blossom and pepper. Refreshingly sweet and the ideal pep-up for the mama-to-be in the long summer days. Prices from 2½ guineas to £8. Also eau de toilette and a wonderful bath oil at £1 16s for tired skins. Sold at most stores and good chemists. Our lady-in-waiting (right) is cool and relaxed in a pink and white gingham dress by Brimell £4 15s at John Barker. Lilac flower hanging on hoop earrings by Felicity Bosanquet, £1 10s at Marrian-McDonnell. Wig by Leonard.

John Barker, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 5432).
Marrian-McDonnel, 80 Sloane Avenue, SW3 (589 0717).

QUADRILLE

– by Balenciaga – Mysterious, tantalising, a scent to dress-up to. A mixture of honeysuckle, Florentine iris and wood moss. Price from £1 3s 6d to 14 guineas. Also eau de toilette and bath oil. Available at most stores and good chemists. Martine Beswick, the actress (left) wears a dramatic, hooded evening coat in black sequined satin over a strapless evening dress in oyster silk satin, designed by her sister, Lorellei. Dress 26 guineas, coat 75 guineas, to order, from Lorellei Beswick, Flat 26, 21 Seymour Street, W1.

BRAEMAR

– by Taylor of London – Essentially British, elegant, to be worn at Cheltenham Races, the Highland Games maybe, or a country wedding. A fresh, sophisticated scent, rather woody undertone. Price one to 3 guineas. Also matching toilet water and bath oil. Available at Taylor of London; Fortnum & Mason; Derry & Toms. Our choice for Taylor's Braemar is a grass-green linen suit (above) by Strelitz, 12 guineas at Maryon, Knightsbridge. Striking cream straw for town or country, 6 guineas at Herbert Johnson.

Taylor of London, 169 Sloane Street, SW1 (BEL 4653).
Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, SW1 (REG 8040).
Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 8181).
Maryon, 39 Brompton Road, SW3 (KNI 1341).
Herbert Johnson, 38 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 0784).

HOW TO GO GARDENING IN COMFORT

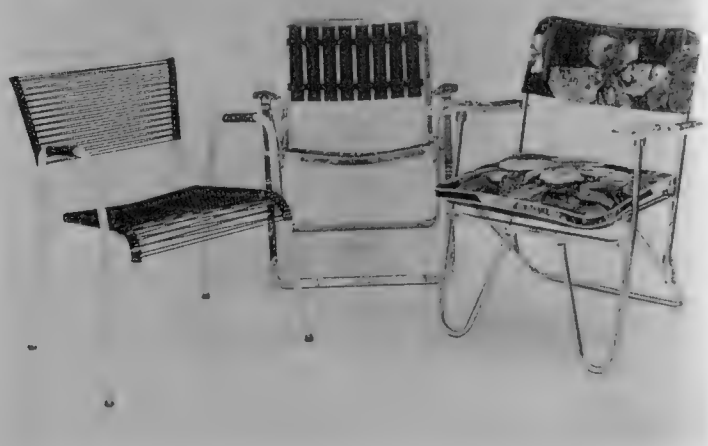
In this country you have to be quick off the mark if you want to sit in the sun in your garden. We can't count on long lazy days of brilliant sunshine, we don't *know* that it's going to be sunny, say, next Thursday, like other, luckier, countries. So garden furniture should either be tough enough to stay out all the time, or portable enough to whisk out at a moment's notice. Teak furniture, which is among the most expensive garden furniture, is also among the most durable. It can become part of a garden and stay there all winter, provided it is given a dressing of linseed oil in the autumn. Some wrought-iron furniture is now coated with a nylon finish; Harrods have tables and chairs treated in this way, and they reckon it could last out winters in the North of Scotland. Most other garden furniture, though, is what is described as "porch" furniture; it will probably face up to the odd summer shower, but might freeze, rust, and rot to death if one was foolish enough to leave it out through a winter. The photographs on this page show a selection of furniture of both kinds – the tough and the portable.

"London" garden seat in Burma teak, £14 4s 6d, from Gamages.

Cane Kola chair, 77s 6d, from Selfridges.
Folding canvas sun-bed, 4 guineas, from Marshall & Snelgrove.

Canvas and aluminium deck-chair with hood and leg-rest, £12 10s, Harrods. Slatted teak fold-away table, 4 guineas, Marshall & Snelgrove

Cane and PVC chair, part of a set of two chairs, table and two-seater exclusive to Selfridges. Chair 6 guineas, set £32 19s 6d. Clip-on umbrella, 17s 11d, from Marshall & Snelgrove. Slatted teak trolley, £22 10s, Harrods.



Left to right: Light and stackable plastic chair 57s 6d, from Marshall & Snelgrove. Folding teak and aluminium chair, £6 10s, from Selfridges. Fabric-covered folding chair, £8 19s 6d, from Harrods.

WHERE TO SEND BABY TO SCHOOL

Any adult who knows little or nothing about little children can open a nursery school. But some of these private schools for the under-fives are excellent and *London Life* has picked out a selection with trained staff and excellent facilities for creative, educational play. Some of these are expensive. Others are run on very flexible lines and have facilities not only for taking regular half-day or full-day "pupils" but can also look after children for the odd half-day or week, which can often be the answer to a house-bound mother's prayers.

HOUSE ON THE HILL, 5 Netherall Gardens, Hampstead, NW3. (HAM 1662): This is the school that was used for the film *Bunny Lake is Missing*. In fact, it is highly organised and parents need have no fears about their little ones disappearing, as the 100-odd tots, ranging in age from about 18 months to six years, are excellently looked after by the 34 members of the staff.

The school is set in a lovely house with a large garden at the back with swings, climbing frames and chutes. Exceptional thing about the House on the Hill is that Miss Barbara Bowler, the principal, runs it for the convenience of the parents rather than the parents having to fit in with the rigid hours set by the majority of nursery schools. Most of the children are regulars – either attending full days or mornings only, but they will take children from any age and care for them for the odd half-hour, half-day, day or week. The hours for the regulars are elastic, too – mornings-only children can stay to lunch if parents want them to . . . and be collected early or late in the afternoon. Official hours are from 8.30 am to 5.30 pm.

Official fees (again this is elastic as exceptional circumstances are taken into account) are: full five-day week, including lunch and tea: £4 2s 6d. Five mornings: £2 7s. Single afternoons: 10s. Single mornings: 15s. Although the school is usually full, it is not too difficult to get a place – especially for children over 2½ years.

WALTON DAY NURSERY, 239 Knightsbridge, SW7. (KNI 9847): This is another nursery school that is well worth knowing about as, besides their half-day or full-day regulars, they will look after children for an hour, a morning, a day or a week. And as it is so near Harrods and the other Knightsbridge shops, many mothers might like to take advantage of their excellent facilities.

This is a small nursery school compared to some, having 25 regulars, ranging from 18 months up to about five years. Some stay half-days, some full days, but again in this school they make their hours flexible to suit the needs of parents. There is outdoor play in Hyde Park opposite when the weather is fine, with visits to the swimming baths once a week for any children who want to go along. Lots of physical play facilities and educational "play" – most children can read and write by the age of five.

Official hours are from 8.30 am to 5.45 pm. Fees are £5 per week for five days, including lunch and tea. £2 a week mornings only or £2 10s for mornings only plus lunch. Special rates are 25s for one odd day or 17s 6d for half-days.

CHELSEA OPEN AIR NURSERY SCHOOL, 51 Glebe Place, SW3. (FLA 8374): Held in two converted studios, with delightful gardens at back, this school is recognised by the Ministry of Education and Science as "efficient." It is, in fact, a non-profit-making school run under the auspices of London University's Department of Child Development, who use the school as a centre for study and research. They take children from around the age of two to five years and, at present, have 40 full-timers (9 am to 4 pm), 15 mornings-only and 10 afternoons-only.

Children are not divided into strict groups and are free to play in and out of doors as they wish. Excellent toys are available for creative play and physical play – the sheltered garden has a sandpit, jungle gym, climbing apparatus, slides, swings, rope ladders, together with a wide selection of movable toys and materials. Music and movement, singing, painting and stories are all part of the day-to-day curriculum, although the formal teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic is not part of the nursery school work.

Fees are: 38 guineas a term, including lunches (two of a family is 35 guineas each); mornings only, 27 guineas a term; afternoons only, 14 guineas a term (four afternoons only as they finish at 2 pm on Fridays). There is a long waiting list and children should be registered as early as possible after birth.

DULWICH COLLEGE NURSERY SCHOOL, Alleyn Park, SE21. (GIP 2674): Another of the few nursery schools recognised as "efficient" by the Ministry of Education and Science. This is the most junior part of the famous Dulwich College and children from around three years old can attend. Most of the little boys go on after to the Dulwich Prep School and many of the little girls go on to private schools in the district.

The school is divided into two classes and each class is then sub-divided into two separate units. There are about 80 children in all and the curriculum is based on play and creative work with lots of dramatics and facilities for dressing-up and excellent equipment for physical play, like climbing frames, play caravans, rope ladders, and so on. The school has some lovely gardens, with plots set aside for little tots to plant seeds and dig – and, indeed, many of them prove to be remarkably green-fingered. The two top groups do reading.

Close liaison is kept between parent and staff and the children are encouraged to drop in for odd hours to get used to school-life during the term before they officially start. There are three set terms, with the usual school holidays. Fees are: whole day, including lunch, £40 a term, Part-time fees by arrangement. There is a long waiting list.

STEPPING STONE SCHOOL, 33 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, NW3: Very much the pre-prep kindergarten school, with little tots being called for by chauffeurs and nannies. Efficiently organised – school premises are in a large, attractive house with lovely gardens at the back. They take children from three years to seven years and school activities include swimming, dancing, gym and music. They like to "break-in" children gently and parents are asked to bring their little ones for a half-day each week in the term prior to starting regularly. Fees are 30 guineas a term for mornings only, 25 guineas a term for afternoons or 55 guineas a term for full-day, including lunch. There is a waiting list.

MONTESSORI NURSERY SCHOOLS: There are many recognised Montessori schools in London; also schools run by qualified Montessori-trained teachers and some schools that, because they have some of the special equipment, "borrow" the name. If you want to know details about the method of education and also find out if there are any recognised Montessori schools in your area, it is best to write or telephone the Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 26 Lyndhurst Gardens, Hampstead, NW3. (HAM 3646). One of the schools is also at this address and, at the moment, the children attending there range in age from two years to seven – but the school is new and many of these children will be staying on till the age of 11.

Fees at the Hampstead school start off at £45 per term for a full day, including lunch, and £20 per term for a half-day, without lunch. Fees at other schools vary, mainly depending on the area.

More advice on nursery schools is available from Gabbitas-Thring Education Trust Ltd, 6 Sackville Street, W1 (REG 0161).

The Queen, riding side-saddle, turns to smile during last year's Colour ceremony. Beside her, Prince Philip.

THE POMP, PRIDE AND PAGEANTRY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR

Trooping the Colour, like Christmas and Easter, is an event that occurs once a year. So predictable has the Trooping ceremony become that people have tended, as they have with Christmas and Easter, to forget what the ceremony is all about, even though they celebrate it vigorously. HUGH BLACKWELL tells about this historic ritual in intriguing detail.

Trooping the Colour takes place on the Queen's Official Birthday which, in modern times, has been arranged to fall on the second Saturday in June, for convenience. The ceremony is held on Horse Guards Parade.

The phrase "Trooping the Colour" was first used in orders issued by the Duke of Cumberland on 15 May 1755. Beyond that its origins are obscure, although we know that it derives from the ancient practice of "lodging the Colours" – Colours being the regimental flag that only falls or is lost in defeat – when, after a hard day's fighting, the Colours would be paraded down the length of the ranks to prove their victory (or, at least, the non-defeat) and restore the morale of the troops. Once paraded, the Colours were "lodged" safely for the night in a tent and guarded.

During the course of history, the stature of the British Army grew and with it grew the significance attached to the Royal Colours in general and the Regimental Colours in particular. The English Army suffered remarkably few defeats and to lose the Colours of the regiment was a humiliation as total as treason.

Although today the importance of the Colours themselves has waned, the ceremony itself still has significance. It represents, in fact, the mounting of the Guard, the protection of the Sovereign by her subjects.

The Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards – take it in turn to Troop the Colour each year, in strict rotation. This year, the Colour will be Trooped by the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards.

When the Queen comes out of Buckingham Palace to mount her horse, the already assembled procession will all salute and form behind her for the procession down the Mall. The Royal Procession is headed by the Brigade Major of the Household Brigade and four Troopers of the Life Guards who, in turn, are followed at an interval of 50 yards by the Mounted Band of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) and the First and Second Divisions of the Sovereign's Escort.

The Queen herself follows at an interval of 25 yards, accompanied by Prince Philip and the Duke of Gloucester, the Second-in-Command and the Field Officer of the Escort. The Queen, mounted side-saddle on a trusted horse supplied by the Metropolitan Police, rides slowly down the Mall between the evenly distributed ranks of some 400 soldiers of the Household Brigade, who line the route with the cheering sightseers.

On arrival at Horse Guards Parade, the Queen proceeds between the line of Guards and sentries in front of the Admiralty and halts at the saluting base in the centre directly opposite the arches of the Horse Guards, with the troops ranged, at attention, facing her. When the Queen has taken up her position at the saluting base, the Royal salute of 41 guns is given from the two saluting stations in London: Hyde Park and the Tower of London. When the final echoes of the cannon have faded away, the Brigade Major and four Troopers, followed by the Queen, inspect the line and the Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry.

When the Queen has returned to the saluting base, the Colour is carried along the lines to the sound of the massed bands then ceremoniously trooped before Her Majesty, who acknowledges the gesture and its implications in the same spirit that the Trooper offers her the Colour. When the ceremony is concluded, the whole parade of Foot Guards will march past the Queen, first in slow-time (a very taxing manoeuvre) to the sound of the massed bands of the Household Brigade. As each guard passes, the order "eyes right" is given and the Queen returns the salute. After the Foot Guards, the Household Cavalry first walk then trot past to the regimental trot tunes played by the Mounted Band. Afterwards, the Queen rides at the head of the Queen's Guard, followed by the Royal Procession, returns down the Mall towards Buckingham Palace, where she takes up position beneath the Centre Gate.

Prince Philip and the Field-Officer - in - Brigade - Waiting take up their positions; Prince Philip on her left and the Field - Officer - in - Brigade - Waiting on her right. The remainder of the Royal Procession, headed by the Duke of Gloucester, ride past the Queen, enter the forecourt by the South Gate, wheel to their right and pass the flank of the already waiting Old Guard, to draw up in line, facing north.

When the last division of the Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry has marched past, Her Majesty turns around and rides between the New and the Old Guards, who play the *National Anthem* as she passes; then on into Buckingham Palace . . .

JOAN SUTHERLAND IN COMIC OPERA

This year Joan Sutherland is 40: "If life begins then – all I can say is God help me," she laughed in her characteristic no-bones-about-it way. Certainly the last dozen years have contained a lifetime of experience for her. In 1954 she was just emerging from that operatic half-world of off-stage priestesses, assorted Valkyries, woodbirds and Rhinemaidens to tackle major roles. In 1958 she fulfilled all promises by slaying the operatic world with her Lucia in a series of performances that instantly projected her to international status.

Now she is back at Covent Garden to sing the title role in a new production of Donizetti's *La Fille du Régiment*. She broke off rehearsing to flop down among the satin cushions of a stage sofa. On the other side of the safety curtain her husband, Richard Bonynge (who always conducts her performances), was taking an orchestral run-through. Miss Sutherland was clearly in high spirits: "I've just been doing my ballet bit," she grinned shaking that celebrated Brontë swoop of auburn hair. "I really don't see myself as a ballerina though."

The bit of ballet is only the smallest reason why *La Fille* marks a new direction in Joan Sutherland's repertory. It is to be sung in the original French, and contains passages of spoken dialogue. But most important, it is a comic opera. Richard Bonynge says he wants to reveal it as the forerunner of the Offenbach operettas.

Since that Lucia, Joan Sutherland has sung exclusively the high tragic, noble roles of early 19th-century opera; ladies whose moral rectitude is expressed in brilliant flights of *bel canto*, who sacrifice themselves for love and generally go mad somewhere along the line. "This is the first time I've done a comic opera," she agrees, "except at the Royal College of Music when you had to do almost everything. *La Fille* is going to be very funny indeed, it's a real send-up – at least that's how we are treating it."

The story of *La Fille* is probably no sillier than lots of other operas one can think of, but its reputation for naïvety and speciousness exceeds the others. It is full of jingoism, drum-beating and general rataplan. Miss Sutherland will wear a Jenny Lind dress and a re-creation of early 19th-century jollity is expected – though, being at Covent Garden, audience participation in the choruses is not envisaged.

This move towards the lighter side of musical life is reflected in Miss Sutherland's recent recording activities. She is waiting the release of an LP of Noël Coward songs which includes the duet *I'll See You Again* with the master himself. And she has just completed a two-record set devoted entirely to musical comedy. "There's *Vilja* from *The Merry Widow*, the waltz song from *Tom Jones*, the nuns' chorus from *Casanova*, *Love will find a way* from *The Maid of the Mountains* – oh, and lots of others."

It isn't easier

The idea that singing light music was in any sense *easier* than tackling opera, was immediately dismissed: "It needs just as much care, you know. Most artists who specialise in musicals haven't good singing voices, but lots of experience of the stage. For me, it is more a question of getting the characterisation correct."

It is no secret that Joan Sutherland has wanted to do some lighter roles and there are many, within the field of opera, that she could tackle, such as Norina in *Don Pasquale* and Adina in *L'Elisire d'Amore*. This last opera was taken on Miss Sutherland's tour of Australia last year but she did not appear in it. As usual, audiences wanted more Lucia and *Traviata* – and after all, it was her first return to her homeland after 16 years. Her career really began in Sydney in 1950 when she won a £1,000 scholarship which brought her to England.

"I do want to explore the lighter roles," she says, "but I must continue in the same range. I have sung most of the big dramatic parts in the past and quite often they are written no higher than a top C, and while I have such a wide range I should use it and I see no reason why I should depart from the type of music expected of me. I am a little fed up with Lucia – I get to the stage when I say oh, *please* let's not do it again next season."

Fullest maturity

At 40 a singer is usually at fullest maturity, retaining a freshness of voice with the addition of musical and dramatic experience. Some voices, it is true, fade away, but others like the late Kirsten Flagstad can continue to make a potent contribution to music for another 20 years. Sutherland is certainly at her height and with no diminution of power or flexibility. As far as her birthday goes, she plans to ignore it. "I can't see it as a major landmark or a turning point. As long as the voice remains as it is now I shall go on just as before."

There is one role that Joan Sutherland has been wanting to sing on stage for several years and which she will do later this year – that is the heroine of Delibes' opera *Lakme*, which contains perhaps the most notorious coloratura warhorse of the lot, that *Bell Song*. "I'm going to do it in Seattle – yes, a *long* way away. I know I don't *look* like an Indian temple dancer, but I was down at the Opera Centre the other day looking at some old pictures of sopranos who had done it in the past and I thought, well, whatever happens I won't look as ridiculous as *that*."

La Fille du Regiment, By Donizetti, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: 8 June, 11 June, 17 June, 23 June, 27 June, 2 July. Cast: Joan Sutherland, Monica Sinclair, Luciano Pavarotti, (23 June, Joseph Ward), Spiro Malas. Conductor: Richard Bonynge. Producer: Sandro Sequi.

J. ROGER BAKER

Thursday 2 June

Cricket: 1st Test Match, England v West Indies at Old Trafford, Manchester, Lancs (until 7th)
Concert: New Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos, Royal Festival Hall. 8 pm
Opera: Royal Opera House Benevolent Fund Gala, *La Fille du Regiment* (in French), Covent Garden. 8 pm
Custom: Beating Retreat. The bands and drums of the Household Brigade, Horse Guards Parade, London.
Theatre: 1966 Braemar Highland Festival (to 22 September). Invercauld Festival Theatre, Braemar, Aberdeenshire

Friday 3 June

Ballet: *Romeo and Juliet*, Covent Garden. 7.30 pm
Ball: The Ski Club of Great Britain Ball, Hurlingham
Concert: Folksound of Britain, Royal Festival Hall. 8 pm
Fashion: Fashion Review by Lionel Blair, Fairfield Hall, Croydon. 8 pm
Show: *Surrey Splendour*, Flower Show, Dorking, Surrey (and 4th)

Saturday 4 June

Concert: BBC International Festival of Light Music with BBC Festival Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall. 7.30 pm
Dances: Dances of India, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, (until 11th). 8 pm
Theatre: Shakespeare's plays in the George Inn Courtyard, Southwark, London (also 11, 18, 25 and 2, 9, 16 and 23 July)
Fencing: Corble Cup: International Sabre Individual (and 5th), AFA Headquarters, London, W14

Sunday 5 June

Week: Mental Health week (until 11th)
Recitals: Daniel Wayenberg, piano recital, Royal Festival Hall. 3 pm
Racing: National Kart Racing, Brands Hatch

Monday 6 June

Play: Opening of *Do not Pass Go*, Hampstead Theatre Club. 7.30 pm (for 3 weeks)
Exhibition: Exhibition of Paintings by Mentally Handicapped Children, Qantas Gallery, Piccadilly (until 1 July)
Carnival: Hastings Historical Carnival (to 9th), Hastings, Sussex
Festival: Dairy Festival, Manchester

Tuesday 7 June

Inspection: The Queen will inspect the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard in the Garden of Buckingham Palace
Service: Annual Service of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George to be held in St Paul's Cathedral. 11.30 am
Recital: John Philips, piano recital, Wigmore Hall. 7.30 pm

Wednesday 8 June

Recital: Claudio Arrau, piano recital, Royal Festival Hall. 8.0 pm
Opening: The Queen will open the restored Customs House in Lower Thames Street, EC3
Fair: Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House (until 23rd)
Music: Music of 12th-17th Centuries, by Manitoba University Consort, Fenton House, Hampstead. 8 pm

THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. 2 Man & Superman. 3 The Killing of Sister George. 4 Song at Twilight. 5 The Anniversary.

Summer is icumen in and Sadler's Wells graciously abandon thoughts of Mozart and Verdi to concentrate on a jolly season of Offenbach operettas. The familiar productions of *Orpheus in the Underworld* and *La Vie Parisienne* are revived, and a new work introduced. This is *Bluebeard*, first produced in Paris 100 years ago.

Musically, the work has charms, a series of graceful numbers that work smoothly on the mind and gradually unwind the nerves into a state of agreeable euphoria. Ultimately, however, the music lacks both the biting lilt and melodic originality of Offenbach at his best and one longs for a statement as direct as the *King of the Boetians* from *Orpheus* or as witty as the *couplets* from *La Belle Hélène*. But there is much to admire.

Rosebery Avenue operetta habitually suffers from an excess of elaboration and Gillian Lynne who has choreographed and directed this production (a similar job to the one she did on *The Matchgirls*) has

"Bread and Butter," new play by Cecil Taylor is to come to the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre.

fallen into the same trap. Perhaps it is because she is mainly a choreographer, but for a while it seems that no one on stage can sing a note that is not accompanied by a *pirouette*, a bow or a skip.

There are some original creations – Bluebeard's henchmen, for example, bald, twisted, in black tights and steel belts looking like a set of Edwardian batmen. And the scene of King Peppin's court is a brilliant representation of satirical decadence, helped by the witty acting of Julian Orchard (court chamberlain), John Fryatt (the King) and Margaret Burton (the Queen) who reduced me to the state of hysteria usually only achieved by Betty Marsden. Kenneth Rowell's costumes are among the best seen at Sadler's Wells, updated to a vague 1912 period for the court scenes, a vague 18th century for the pastoral scene and vague-Arabian-as-seen by the 19th century for Bluebeard's wives.

In many ways *Bluebeard* is the most un-operatic operetta the Wells has attempted. The plot is pretty thin, but the passages of dialogue come across strikingly well and at times one is almost irritated when a good dramatic scene is interrupted for a song. For this reason the production compares well with the other musicals in London's West End proper, not least the one Miss Lynne herself handled.

J roger baker

WEST END

openings

Th 2 June: **THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.** Comedy Theatre, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Laurier Lister. Stars: Max Adrian, Eleanor Bron, Griffith Jones, George Merritt, John Woodvine, Barry Justice. 7.30

Th 2 June: **LET'S GET A DIVORCE.** Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Authors: Sardou and Najac. English Version: Angela and Robert Goldsby. Dir: Robert Midgley. Stars: Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick, Barry Foster. 7.0. Cont: Tues-Sat: 6.10, 8.40

M 6 June: **A BOND HONOURED & BLACK COMEDY.** National Theatre Company, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7671). A BOND HONOURED. Author: John Osborne. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Janina Faye, Gerald James, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. BLACK COMEDY. Author: Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Derek Jacobi, Louise Furnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.0

M 6 June: **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** New Shakespeare Company, Open - Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (HUN 1813). Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: Michael Meacham. Stars: Russell Hunter, Caroline Blakiston, Louise Breslin, Edgar Wreford, John Turner, Bernard Hopkins, John Warner. 7.45. Mats: W, Th & Sat. 2.30

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie,. Stars: Andrew Cruikshank, Colin Gordon. Elvi Hale. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Bill Macllwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne, James Cossins. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45), 8.30 (ends 10.45). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Julia Lockwood, Lewis Casson. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W. 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.15). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Robin Hunter, Polly James, Ferdy Mayne, Joan Sterndale Bennet. Young-married troubles Broadway-style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Peter Honri, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minter. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10); W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat Mat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD and SHADOWS OF THE EVENING, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. T, F & Sat: 8.0 (ends 10.30); Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 25 Apr 1966

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Music and Lyrics: Brian Blackburn. Dir: Ned Sherrin. Stars: Danny La Rue, Barbara Windsor, Biff McGuire, Richard Wattis. 7.30. Cont: 8.30. Fri & Sat: 5.45, 8.45. Opened 31 May 1966

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson, Jane Baxter, Elizabeth Sellars. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 27 Apr 1966

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel

"You rang, sir?" Ralph Richardson as the butler in You Never Can Tell," the Shavian success at Haymarket's Theatre Royal, directed by Glen Byam Shaw.

Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Cast: Barbra Streisand, Michael Craig. (Sat: 8.0 Lisa Shane) (ends 10.30). Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Dora Bryan as chief spellbinder, but nevertheless the most efficient musical seen in a dozen years. Cast: Dora Bryan, Bernard Spear. 7.30 (ends 10,0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. Fin de siècle morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Nelson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martins, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

LONDON LAUGHS, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Choreographer: Douglas Squires. Dir: Robert Nesbit. Cast: Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarbuck, Thora Hird and Freddie Frinton, Russ Conway, Anita Harris. 6.-5 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat Mat: 2.40 (ends 5.30). Opened 6 May 1966

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, June Thorburn, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Terence Rigby. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 (ends 10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 1 Mar 1966

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.15). T: 2.45 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.15); 8.0 (ends 10.15). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainger. Dir: Wendy Toye. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Gary Bond. 7.45 (ends 10.20). W & Sat Mat: 5.30 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (ends 11.5). Opened T 19 Apr 1966

ON THE WAGON, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. Mon only: 8.40 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Jan 1966. Ends 9 July

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Adapted from the novel by Muriel Spark by Joy Presson Allen. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Crawford, William Squire, Dorothy Reynolds. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the song and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 14 Oct 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M, W & Th: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 14 Apr 1966

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.10). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.5). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THE WEN, ORANGE SOUFFLE & OUT FROM UNDER, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7048). Three One-Act Plays. Author: Saul Bellow. Dir: Charles Marovitz. Cast: Miriam Karlin. 7.0. Cont: 7.45. Ends 18 June

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 2 June: THEIR VERY OWN AND GOLDEN CITY. Author: Arnold Wesker. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Ann Firbank, George Fowe, Bernard Gallagher, Ian McKellan, Gillian Martell, Sebastian Shaw, John Shepherd, William Stewart. 7.30 (ends 10.0) F 3-W 8 June: THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE. Author: Harley Granville Barker. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Gwen Nelson, Brian Smith, Avril Elgar, Jeffrey Wickham. 7.30 (ends 10.35). Sat Mat: 3.0 (ends 6.5)

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 2 June: OTHELLO. Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Frank Finlay, Robert Lang, Kenneth Mackintosh, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Joyce Redman, Sheila Reid, Maggie Smith, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.25)
Th 2 & F 3 June: JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK. Author: Sean O'Casey. Dir: Laurence Olivier. Cast: Colin Blakely, Peter Cellier, Frank Finlay, Mike Gambon, Caroline John, Ronald Pickup, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan. 7.30 (ends 10.15)
Sat 4 June: LOVE FOR LOVE. Author: William Congreve. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Colin Blakely, Tom Kempinski, Robert Lang, Geraldine McEwan, Miles Malleson, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Lynn Redgrave, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan, John Stride. 2.15 (ends 5.0). 7.30 (ends 10.15)
M 6 June: See West End Openings
T 7 & W 8 June: A BOND HONOURED AND BLACK COMEDY. A Bond Honoured: Author: John Osborne. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Janina Faye, Gerald James, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. Black Comedy: Author: Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Derek Jacobi, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.30

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, The Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 2-Sat 4 June: TANGO. Author: Slawomir Mrozek. Translated by: Nicholas Bethell, Tom Stoppard. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Patience Collier, Robert Eddison, Pauline Jameson, Peter Jeffery, Ursula Mohan, Trevor Nunn, Mike Pratt, 8.0. Sat: 2.30, 8.0

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9192). CARRY ON FATHER with Ken Platt. Th 2 & F 3 June: 7.45. Sat 4 June: 5.0, 8.0

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP with Donald Sinden, Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee. F 3 June: 8.0. Th 2 & Sat 4 June: 2.30, 8.0

THE INTIMATE THEATRE, Palmers Green, N13 (PAL 3798). ALIBI. Th 2 June: 2.30, 7.30. F 3 June: 7.20. Sat 4 June: 5.0, 8.0. PINCH AND RUN. M 6-W 8 June: 7.30 pm

NEW THEATRE, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). EARLY ONE MORNING. Th 2 June: 2.30, 7.45. F 3 June: 7.45. Sat 4 June: 5.15, 8.0. A SEVERED HEAD. M 6-W 8 June: 7.45

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Hornchurch, Essex (HX4 3333). LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS. 8.0. Th Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15 (not Mon)

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). SOMETHING TO HIDE. 7.45. Sat 5.30, 8.15

TOWER THEATRE, Canonbury, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Th 2-Sat 4 June: 7.30. AGAMEMNON. Sun 5 & W 8 June: 7.30

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). FLAT SPIN with Dave King. Th 2 & F 3 June: 7.30. Sat 4 June: 5.0, 8.15. Th Mat: 2.30. SECOND HONEYMOON with Arthur Askey, Cardew Robinson, Sally Barnes. M 6-W 8 June: 7.30

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). DO NOT PASS GO, with Wilfred Brambell, Derren Nesbitt. M 6-W 8 June: 8.0

NEW ARTS, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square, WC2 (TEM 3334). TRISTAN SHANDY by Laurence Sterne, Oxford University Experimental Theatre. Ends 4 June. Th 2 & F 3 June: 8.0. Sat 4 June: 5.30, 8.30

PLAYERS, Villiers Street, The Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS – Victorian Music Hall. M & T: 8.0. W-Sat: 9.0

UNICORN, Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, SW6 (RIV 8557). THE DOWNSIDEUP MAN. A play for children 5 to 12 years. Sat 4 June: 2.0

OUT OF TOWN

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE, Sussex (OCH3 86333). Th 2-Sat 4 June: THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Authors: George Colman, David Garrick. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Alastair Sim, Margaret Rutherford, Bill Fraser, Ann Beach, Sarah Badel, John Standing. 7.0. Sat Mat: 2.0
T 7 (first night) & W 8 June: THE FIGHTING COCK. Author: Jean Anouilh. Dir: Norman Marshall. Cast: John Clements, Zena Walker, Sarah Badel, Michael Aldridge, Bill Fraser, Clive Swift, John Standing. 7.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Stratford - upon - Avon, Warwks (OST9 2271). Th 2 & M 6 June: HAMLET. Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Estelle Kohler, Tony Church. Th: 2.0. M: 7.30
Th 2, Sat 4, T 7 June: HENRY IV PART I. Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: John Barton with Clifford Williams, Trevor Nunn, Peter Hall. Cast: Tony Church, Ian Holm, Paul Rogers, Norman Rodway, Sheila Allen, Elizabeth Spriggs. Th & T: 7.30. Sat: 2.0
F 3, Sat 4, W 8 June: HENRY IV PART II. Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: John Barton with Clifford Williams, Trevor Nunn, Peter Hall. Cast: Tony Church, Ian Holm, Paul Rogers, John Normington, Sheila Allen, Elizabeth Spriggs, Patsy Byrne. 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (OGU3 60191). Until Sat 4 June: BANG BANG BEIRUT. Authors: Ray Cooney, Tony Hilton. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Dickie Henderson, Leo Franklyn, Rex Garner, Dennis Ramsden, Helen Jessop, Sheila Mercier, Diane Applebv, Derek Royle. Th: 2.30, 7.45. F: 7.45. Sat: 5.0, 8.0
M 6-W 8 June: VICTORIAN MUSIC HALL. Dir: John Moffat. Cast: John Moffat, Doris Hare, Anne Carr, Jean Muir. 7.45

FIRST FIVE: 1 Fists in the Pocket. 2 Cul-de-Sac. 3 Modesty Blaise. 4 Morgan. 5 The Wrong Box.

"The bottom is crowded with nice people: only cream and bastards rise." Thus Lew Harper, private detective and anti-hero of *The Moving Target* (A), an unusually sardonic and acid-tongued thriller, based on a Ross MacDonald novel.

Harper is hired by the wife of an industrial millionaire to investigate the disappearance of her husband. The detective's ruthless determination to crack the case wide open is governed by his personal failures in a seedy, run-down business and a sour marriage. The suspects are many and colourful: a narcotic jazz singer (Julie Harris); a near-alcoholic ex-child star with a penchant for astrology (Shelley Winters); a fast-living private pilot (Robert Wagner); the missing man's shrewish invalid wife (Lauren Bacall) and his hate-filled stepdaughter (Pamela Tiffin).

Miss Winters milks every drop of life from her tragi-comic character as a once loved, now tolerated, woman of whom the answer to her public's disinterested question, "Whatever happened to Fay Estabrook?" is as sad as it is obvious. "She got fat." Miss Harris has a few moments of neurotic grandeur and Miss Bacall indulges in some enjoyably vicious bitchery with her stepdaughter as she bathes in self-pity under a solarium of heat lamps. Perhaps director Jack Smight tends to over-indulge the accumulated energies of a star cast straining to get their teeth into a crisp script, but this seldom slows up the action to which he brings a fine gloss.

John Guillermin's World War I epic "The Blue Max" has its premiere at the Odeon Leicester Square on 30 June.

But it is undoubtedly Paul Newman's adroitly calculated performance as Harper that holds the film together so well and invites an almost inevitable sequel. Newman retains sympathy in ruthlessness and cruelty and not even his non-stop gum-chewing can divert one's affection for the character, aptly described by his disillusioned wife (a fine study by Janet Leigh) as "just an infinitely lingering disease."

Striking use is made of the Los Angeles locations – a mountain-top chapel, a deserted oil tanker and a night chase through the menacingly silent machinery of a refinery. Only in the final moments does one feel a slight deception in the story, but this is counteracted by an engagingly ambiguous ending.

david castell

CUL-DE-SAC

Lionel Stander and Jack MacGowran play two wounded thugs who terrorise a middle-aged man and his young wife in Roman Polanski's "Cul-de-Sac" which opens at the Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street, on 3 June. Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorleac also star. "Cul-de-Sac" is the second British film by the young Polish director, whose first was "Repulsion" with Catherine Deneuve and Yvonne Furneaux.

OPENING

THE MOVING TARGET (A). Based on Ross MacDonald's novel, Paul Newman plays a sardonic, gum-chewing private eye commissioned by Lauren Bacall, the wife of a missing millionaire, to track her husband. Jack Smight's direction could be crisper and there are too many concessions to star performances, but for avowed Newman fans, this performance ranks with *Hud* and *The Hustler*. (Janet Leigh, Shelley Winters, Julie Harris. Col. 121 min.) *Odeon Leicester Square*. WHI 6111. Opens 2 June

CUL-DE-SAC (X). Roman Polanski, the young Polish director now working in this country, turns a deft hand to black comedy. Donald Pleasence plays a rather pathetic middle-aged man and Françoise Dorleac his bored and flighty young wife. They are suddenly confronted by a couple of wounded thugs in hiding from the police. Shot on magnificent locations on Holy Island (Lionel Stander. Dir: Roman Polanski, 111 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street*. LAN 1744. Opens 2 June

WEST END

ALFIE (X). Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie devoted to a love life that is intensive and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed – Eleanor Bron as his doctor, Shirley Anne Field as his nurse and Shelley Winters as an overpowering widow who is more than a match for him. (Dir: Lewis Gilbert. Col. 114 min.) *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road*. MUS 4193. 2.10, 5.20, 8.35. Sun: 5.20, 8.35

ALPHAVILLE (A). Jean-Luc Godard's transformation of images from a comic strip into a stylistic masterpiece with dazzling photography by Coutard. Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), disguised as a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda*, is sent on a mission to Alphaville – city of technocrats. (Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff. 98 min.) With: *The New Angels* (X). *Paris Pullman, Drayton Gardens* FRE 5898. 2.20, 5.40, 9.20. Sun: 5.40, 9.20

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton Street*, W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BING CROSBY IN CINERAMA'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURE (U). Bing Crosby plays host on a trip round Russia with musical interludes. (Col. Cinerama). *Coliseum St Martin's Lane*. TEM 3161. 2.0, 5.15, 8.30 (Sat only: 11.45 pm). Sun: 4.0, 7.30

A BLONDE IN LOVE (X). From the point of view of an inarticulate young girl, the Czech director, Milos Forman, with his characteristic gentle humour, examines the lack of communication between the generations, and the adolescent's search for identity in the adult world. His highly personal approach to film-making, using amateur actors, gives the film a delightful freshness. (Czech dialogue – sub-titles. 80 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street*. GER 2981. With: *Jozes Kilian* (U). Pgm: 1.35, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.25

BOEING-BOEING (A). Slow-moving adaptation of Marc Camoletti's indestructible stage farce with Tony Curtis and Thelma Ritter all but saving the day as the latter-day Casanova and his housekeeper-confidante. Mr Curtis's air hostess fiancees are played with equal indifference by Dany Saval, Susanna Leigh and Christiane Schmidtmer. (Jerry Lewis. Dir: John Rich. Col. 102 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus*. WHI 8944. 12.50, 2.55, 5.30, 8.10. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 2.45, 5.20, 8.0

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min. Royal Film of 1966.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue*. REG 5414. 12.25, 2.29, 4.38, 6.47, 9.1. Sat: 11.29 pm. Sun: 3.59, 6.8, 8.27.

CASANOVA 70 (X). Updating of the Casanova legend with Marcello Mastroianni as the NATO officer who is impotent unless his loving involves danger. Virna Lisi is the most memorable of his conquests. (Dir: Mario Monicelli. Col. 113 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre, Leicester Place*. GER 8181. M-F: 2.10, 4.25, 6.40, 8.55. Sat: 12.5, 2.10, 4.25, 6.40, 8.55, 11.10. Sun: 2.35, 4.20, 6.30, 8.40

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. Julie Christie is lamentably miscast as the young model who ends up marrying the Italian Prince. Dirk Bogarde gives a splendid performance as the television reporter with whom she has an affair. (Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street*. GER 7413.

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The extremely ambitious, long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivazo and Julie Christie as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire Leicester Square*. GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 7.30

FANTASIA (U). Another revival of Walt Disney's ever-popular cartoon experiment, made in 1941, and consisting of a visual interpretation of various well-known pieces of music, ranging from a Bach Fugue to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. Parts of the film show Disney at his most inventive, and the hippopotami in *The Dance of the Hours* steal the show. (Leopold Stokowski & the Philadelphia Orchestra. Dir: Walt Disney. Col. 126 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street*. GER 3300. 1.0, 3.40, 6.20, 9.0. Sun: 3.20, 6.5, 8.45

FISTS IN THE POCKET (X). The first film of an extraordinary new talent, Marco Bellocchio. Its examines the assertive strivings of a young adolescent, Sandro (Lou Castel), for manhood and independence, against the background of his decaying bourgeois family, doomed to epilepsy. The mounting, uncontrollable anguish and destruction is brilliantly conceived and executed. (Paola Pitagora. 115 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street*. GER 5129. With: *Wholly Communion* (A). Pgm: 12.30, 3.5, 5.45, 8.30. Sun: 5.15, 8.0

THE 400 BLOWS (A). François Truffaut's first full-length feature film about a 12-year-old boy who, neglected by his parents, turns to petty thieving and is finally turned over to the police and sent to reform school. Prompted by the director's own childhood experiences, the film has a remarkable authenticity and force, helped along by an extremely sensitive performance of the boy by Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Albert Rémy. 95 min.) 1.50, 5.25, 9.0. Sun: 5.55, 9.20. With *Les Liaisons Dangereases* (X). *Gala Royal*, Marble Arch. AMB 2345

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villian and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. Blake Edwards's feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Road*. GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0, Sun: 4.0, 8.0

IT HAPPENED HERE (A). A semi-documentary, visualising the Nazi occupation of Britain, seen through the eyes of a young woman (Pauline Murray), who finds herself working for the Nazi authorities as a nurse. Made on an extremely limited budget, and taking eight years to complete, the two young independent directors, Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo, have nevertheless succeeded in achieving a thoroughly authentic reconstruction of the period. (Sebastian Shaw. 95 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus*. GER 2982. 12.20, 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. Sun: 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. With: *Night Beyond Pity* (A). 11.30, 2.15, 5.5, 8.0. Sun: 2.15, 5.5, 8.0

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villian. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street*. GER 3488

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. Directed by Karel Reisz, with a whole host of cinematic stunts, from the story and television play by David Mercer, with Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl and Bernard Bresslaw. (79 min.) *Berkeley Tottenham Court Road*. MUS 8150.

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Dir: George Cukor. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Square*, W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway*, WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

OTHELLO (U). Faithful and technically accomplished record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. It is the magnificence of the performances that finally quells the doubts about the theatrical claustrophobia of the film. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay and other members of the National Theatre of Great Britain. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon Haymarket*. WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 6.0

A PATCH OF BLUE (A) Under the entirely mistaken impression that something significant is being said about race relations, the film is a maudlin account of romance between a poor, ignorant, blind girl (Elizabeth Hartman) and a young Negro, played inevitably by Sidney Poitier. Shelley Winters plays the girl's sleazy mother in high style, and Guy Green directs. (105 min.) *Ritz Leicester Square*. GER 1234. 1.30, 4.0, 6.30, 9.0 (Sat only 11.35 pm). Sun: 3.35, 6.5, 8.35. (Check with cinema)

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Court Road*, W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

STAGECOACH (A). Affectionate re-make of the classic Western with Alex Cord and Ann-Margret in the roles played by John Wayne and Claire Trevor. Action-filled, pleasantly sentimental and with a scene-stealing performance from Bing Crosby. (Van Heflin, Michael Connors. Dir: Gordon Douglas. Col. 114 min.) *Carlton Haymarket*. WHI 3711. 1.25, 3.50, 6.15, 8.45 (Sat only: 11.15 pm). Sun: 3.50, 6.15, 8.45. (Check with cinema)

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria*. VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

VIVA MARIA (A). Louis Malle, the director, has seized the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story about two song-and-dance girls who become embroiled in a revolution. (George Hamilton, Col. 120 min.) *Curzon Cinema, Curzon Street*, W1. GRO 3737. 1.45, 4.5, 6.25, 8.50 (Sat only: 11 pm). Sun: 3.45, 6.10, 8.30

THE WRONG BOX (U). Star-studded black comedy about the murderous efforts of two orphans (Peter Cook and Dudley Moore) to ensure that their uncle (Ralph Richardson) is the last surviving member in a mammoth lottery. Too many cameo roles fragment the film unnecessarily but the period elegance of Bryan Forbes' direction and a generally sound and funny script make it well worth a view. (John Mills, Michael Caine, Nanette Newman, Tony Hancock, Peter Sellers. Col. 110 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre*. WHI 5252. 1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50 (Sat only: 11.0 pm). Sun: 3.55, 6.20, 8.50

GENERAL RELEASE

*† Second feature varies: * Sunday programme differs*

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: M O D E S T Y BLAISE (A). Full supporting programme.

Rosalind Russell aghast at the results of another juvenile prank in "The Trouble With Angels."

From Sun: THE TROUBLE WITH ANGELS (U). Amiably sentimental comedy about two schoolgirls' reign of terror at a convent school. One remains unrepentant; the other stays to prepare for her novitiate. Rosalind Russell glowers magnificiently as the stern Mother Superior. (Hayley Mills, June Harding, Jim Hutton, Gypsy Rose Lee. Dir: Ida Lupino. Col. 110 min). With **Kimberley Jim** (U).

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
Chelsea Odeon
Clapton Kenninghall (Until Sat: The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders (X). Full supporting programme.
Dalston Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
Edgware Road Odeon
Edmonton Regal
Finchley Gaumont
Forest Gate Odeon
Hackney Pavilion
Hammersmith Odeon
Harlesden Odeon
Hendon Odeon
Highgate Odeon
Holloway Odeon
***Kensal Rise** Odeon
Kilburn State
Kingsbury Odeon
***King's Cross** Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Mile End Road Odeon
Muswell Hill Odeon
Park Royal Odeon
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
Southgate Odeon
Stamford Hill Odeon
Swiss Cottage Odeon
Temple Fortune Odeon
***Walham Green** ABC
Wembley Odeon
Westbourne Grove Odeon
Wood Green Odeon

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: A MAN COULD GET KILLED (U). Full supporting programme.

Monica Vitti is the strip-cartoon heroine of Joseph Losey's version of "Modesty Blaise."

Cinemas marked ● *Until Sat:* MOMENT TO MOMENT (A). Full supprrting programme.
From Sun: M O D E S T Y BLAISE(A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip-cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. Others to make their mark are Clive Revill as Bogarde's face-twitching assistant McWhirter, who gets fobbed off with second-best in everything, and Rossella Falk, the villainess who kills a victim. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min). With: **Round the Bend** (U).

Balham Odeon
Brentwood Odeon (Until Sat: The Ugly Dachshund (U) and full supporting programme.)
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon
Camberwell Odeon
***Clapham** Granada
Croydon Odeon
Deptford Odeon
●**East Dulwich** Odeon
*†**Greenwich** Granada (Not Fri 3 or Wed 8 June: Bingo).
Lewisham Odeon
Morden Odeon
†**Old Kent Road** Astoria
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon
Richmond Odeon
●**South Norwood** Odeon
Streatham Odeon
*†**Sydenham** Granada
*†**Thornton Heath** Granada (Until Sat: It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (U).
***Tooting** Granada
Well Hall Odeon
●**Wimbledon** Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: A PATCH OF BLUE (A). Full supporting programme.

Natalie Wood is the back-street urchin who rises to Hollywood stardom in "Inside Daisy Clover."

From Sun: INSIDE DAISY CLOVER (X). Hollywood's uncertain attempt at self-satire, based on Gavin Lambert's novel with a scenario by him. Natalie Wood is rather nebulous as Daisy, a nymphet from the slums who is groomed for stardom by Christopher Plummer, her oily and sadistic manager. Newcomer Robert Bedford appears as a young screen idol who marries Daisy and then deserts her. Gradually her screen career slides downhill, until she faces the prospect of being on the film scrap-heap before she is 17. The direction is unsure, veering between sentiment and cynicism – the impression is that they do not really believe it. (Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer, Robert Redford, Roddy McDowall, Ruth Gordon. Dir: Robert Mulligan. Col. 107 min). With: **Two On A Guillotine** (X).

Bowes Park Ritz
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Essex Road ABC
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith ABC
Harringay ABC
Holloway ABC
Haverstock Hill Odeon (Until Sat: Modesty Blaise (A).
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Leyton ABC
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
Neasden Ritz
Stratford ABC
Stoke Newington ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Wembley ABC

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: OUR MAN IN MARRAKESH (U). Full supporting programme.

Sidney Poitier is the coloured man who falls in love with a blind girl in "A Patch of Blue."

From Sun: A PATCH OF BLUE (A). Under the entirely mistaken impression that something significant is being said about race relations, the film is a maudlin account of romance between a poor, ignorant, blind girl (Elizabeth Hartman) and a young negro, played, inevitably, by Sidney Poitier. Shelley Winters plays the girl's sleazy mother in high style and Guy Green directs. His handling of the film avoids the sentimental wherever possible, and makes the most of the tinkly theme music provided by that prolific background score man, Jerry Goldsmith. Wallace Ford, as the girl's drunken old grandfather, who takes the girl to the park, and leaves her there until dark, has his best part for a decade, and gives probably the most convincing performance of all. (105 min). With: **Made in Paris** (A).

Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
Croydon ABC
***Crystal Palace** Granada
Elephant and Castle Theatre
Forest Hill Capitol
Old Kent Road ABC
Peckham Odeon
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

A guide to local cinemas showing off-circuit programmes. The numbers cross-refer to films listed in the sections below. Readers should not be disturbed by a jump in the sequence of numbers. This only indicates a late programme change

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

***Acton Granada.** 27, 96.
Baker Street Classic. 36, 47, 48.
Brixton Classic. 5, 89.
Brixton Granada. 27, 35.
***Camberwell Grand.** 11, 63.
Camden Town Plaza. 56.
Charing Cross Road Cameo Royal. 38.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 61
Chelsea Classic. 29, 45.
Chelsea Essoldo. 22, 77.
Clapham Junction Imperial. 13, 78.
Croydon Classic. 14, 45, 57.
Dalston Classic. 6, 18.
Ealing Walpole. 34, 82.
East Ham Granada. 17, 96.
Edgware Road ABC. 91, 92.
Edmonton Granada. 8, 35, 71.
Finchley Rex. 71, 81.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 90.
Fulham Road ABC. 91, 92.
Golders Green Ionic. 28, 83.
Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. 39.
Hackney Essoldo. 4, 70.
***Hammersmith Broadway.** 98,
Hampstead Classic. 19, 56.
Hampstead Everyman. 54, 73.
Harlesden Coliseum. 34, 84.
Harringay Curzon. 50, 87.
***Harrow Road Prince of Wales.** 34, 74.
Hendon Gala. 26 93,.
Hendon Gaumont. 30, 80.
Highams Park Regal. 8, 71, 85
***Islington Rex.** 33, 37.
Islington Odeon. 76.
Kilburn Classic. 14, 41.
Kilburn Essoldo. 51, 56.
Kilburn Grange. 25.
King's Cross Century. 56.
Lewisham Rex. 8, 71, 94.
Leytonstone Rialto. 76.
Marble Arch Jacey. 61.
Notting Hill Classic. 32, 46, 59
Notting Hill Gaumont. 90.
***Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** 86, 95.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 44
Palmers Green Queens Hall. 5, 84.
Piccadilly Circus Classic. 2,
Piccadilly Jacey, 44.
***Poplar Essoldo.** 65, 76.
Praed Street Classic. 12, 21,
***Putney Globe.** 22, 74.
Queensbury Essoldo. 8, 25, 7
Raynes Park Rialto. 19, 72.
Richmond Gaumont. 43, 53.
***St Pancras Tolmer.** 20, 31.
Shepherd's Bush Essoldo. 10, 64.
***Southfields Plaza.** 19, 68.
Stepney Essoldo. 7, 79.
Stepney Odeon. 15.
Stockwell Classic. 68, 69.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 1, 3.
Tooting Astoria. 9, 23.
Tooting Bec Classic. 10, 88.
Tottenham Palace. 24.
***Victoria Biograph.** 58, 62.
Victoria Cameo. 41, 66.
Walthamstow Granada. 19, 76.
Wandsworth Road Granada. 22, 97.
Waterloo Station Classic. 42, 49.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 40, 100.
Whalebone Lane Odeon. 56.

ADVENTURE

1 **Adventures of Scaramouche** (U). Gerard Barray, Gianna Maria Canale. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Ride and Kill (U)

2 **Captain January** (U). Shirley Temple. Until Sat: Piccadilly Circus Classic

3 **Death Drums Along the River** (U). Richard Todd, Marianne Koch. From Sun: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Treasure of Silver Lake (U)

4 **Desert Hawk** (U). Richard Greene, Yvonne de Carlo. From Sun: Hackney Essoldo. With: All Baba and the 40 Thieves (U)

5 **Head of a Tyrant** (U). Massimo Girotti, Isabelle Corey. From Sun: Brixton Classic. With: Manhunt (U)

6 **The Horse Without a Head** (U). Jean-Pierre Aumont, Herbert Lom. Until Sat: Dalston Classic. With: War of the Trojans (U)

7 **Ivanhoe** (U). Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo. With: Tarzan and the Mermaids (U)

8 **King Solomon's Mines** (U). Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo, Lewisham Rex. From Sun: Highams Park Regal, Edmonton Granada. With: Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (U)

9 **Lawrence of Arabia** (A). Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif. From Sun: Tooting Astoria

10 **The Littlest Rebel** (U). Shirley Temple. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Adventures of the Bengal Lancers (U)

11 **Maciste the Mighty** (A). Mark Forest. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: Wichita (U)

12 **Merrill's Marauders** (U). Jeff Chandler, Ty Hardin. From Sun: Praed Street Classic. With: The Day the Earth Stood Still (U)

13 **Magnificent Adventurer** (A). Brett Halsey, Claudia Mori. From Sun: Clapham Junction Imperial. With: Phantom of the Opera (A)

14 **The Prince and the Pauper** (U). Guy Williams, Sean Scully, Donald Houston. Until Sat: Croydon Classic. With: Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (U). Kilburn Classic. With: Just My Luck (U)

15 **Three Hundred Spartans** (U). Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson. Until Sat: Stepney Odeon. With: Apache Rifles (U)

16 **Tom Thumb** (U). Russ Tamblyn, Peter Sellers. Until Sat: Shepherd's Bush Essoldo. With: Wizard of Oz (U)

17 **Triumph of the 10 Gladiators** (U). Dan Vadis, Helga Line. Until Sat: East Ham Granada. With: Massacre at Fort Grant (U)

18 **Ulysses Against Hercules** (U). Michael Lane, George Marchal. From Sun: Dalston Classic. With: Monster from the Unknown World (U)

COMEDIES

19 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine. From Sun: Hampstead Classic. From Mon: Walthamstow Granada. With: The Love Goddesses (X). From Mon: Raynes Park Rialto, Southfields Plaza. With: Face of a Stranger (A)

20 **The Big Job** (U). Sid James, Sylvia Syms, Dick Emery, Joan Sims. From Mon: St Pancras Tolmer. With: Springfield Rifle (U)

21 **Carry on Cabby** (U). Sid James, Hattie Jacques, Kenneth Connor, Charles Hawtrey. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: Girls, Girls, Girls (U)

22 **Doctor at Sea** (U). Dirk Bogarde. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo, Putney Globe, Wandsworth Road Granada. With: Follow a Star (U)

23 **Doctor in the House** (U). Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: Genevieve (U)

24 **The Early Bird** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Tottenham Palace. With: The Raiders (U)

25 **The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Frankie Howerd, Dora Bryan. Until Sat: Kilburn Grange. From Sun: Queensbury Essoldo. With: San Ferry Ann (U)

26 **The Householder** (U). Shashi Kapoor, Leela Naidu. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. With: My Home is in Copacabana (U)

27 **It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (U). Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney. Until Sat: Acton Granada. From Mon: Brixton Granada

28 **The Knack** (X). Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford. From Sun: Golders Green Ionic. With: Irma La Douce (X)

29 **The Lady Killers** (U). Peter Sellers, Alec Guinness. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.30 pm

30 **Mr Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati. Until Sat: Hendon Gaumont. With: Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy (U)

31 **The Patsy** (U). Jerry Lewis, Ina Balin. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer. With: The Red Beret (U)

32 **The Pink Panther** (A). Peter Sellers, David Niven, Claudia Cardinale, Capucine. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.15 pm

33 **Rotten to the Core** (A). Eric Sykes. Until Sat: Islington Rex. With: Watch it Sailor (U)

34 **A Stitch in Time** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Ealing Walpole, Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: The Man from Button Willow (U). Harlesden Coliseum. With: Where the River Bends (U)

35 **That Darn Cat** (U). Hayley Mills. Until Sat: Brixton Granada. With: Three Caballeros. (Not Sat 4 June: wrestling.) Edmonton Granada. With: Geronimo's Revenge (U)

36 **Two Way Stretch** (U). Peter Sellers, Bernard Cribbins, Wilfrid Hyde White, Liz Fraser. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic. Late Night Sat: 11.15 pm

37 **What's New Pussycat?** (X). Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole. From Mon: Islington Rex. With: A Woman Like Satan (X)

DOCUMENTARY

38 **Naked as Nature Intended** (A). Charing Cross Road Cameo Royal. With: Call Girl Business (X)

39 **The Naked World of Harrison Marks** (A). Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin

40 **Tabu** (X). Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: Rhapsody in Blood (X)

DRAMA

41 **The Chalk Garden** (U). Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills. From Sun: Kilburn Classic. With: Lords of the Forest (U). From Mon: Victoria Cameo

42 **Dimples** (U). Shirley Temple, Frank Morgan. Until Sat: Waterloo Station Classic

43 **Exodus** (A). Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson. From Sun: Richmond Gaumont

44 **Galia** (X). Mireille Darc. Oxford Street Cinephone. With: Lifetime of Comedy (U). Piccadilly Jacey: With full supporting programme

45 **The Girl With Green Eyes** (X). Peter Finch, Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave. From Sun: Chelsea Classic, Croydon Classic. With: The Pumpkin Eater (X). Croydon only

46 **The Grasshopper** (A) from Chekov. Fri 3 June only: Notting Hill Classic 11.15 pm

47 **Hud** (A). Paul Newman, Patricia Neal. From Sun: Baker Street Classic

48 **Innocent Sorcerers** (A). Polish dialogue English sub-titles. Fri 3 June only: Baker Street Classic 11.15 pm

49 **Jane Eyre** (A). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, Margaret O'Brien. From Sun: Waterloo Station Classic

50 **The L Shaped Room** (X). Tom Bell, Leslie Caron. From Sun: Harringay Curzon. With: Live Now Pay Later (A)

51 **The Miracle** (U). Carroll Baker, Roger Moore. From Sun: Kilburn Essoldo. With: Carry On Sergeant (U)

53 **Moment to Moment** (A). Jean Seberg, Honor Blackman. Until Sat: Richmond Gaumont. With full supporting programme

54 **Notti di Cabiria** (X). Giulietta Masina, François Perier, Amadeo Nazzari. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

55 **On the Beach** (A). Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner. Until Sat: Palmers Green Queens Hall. With: Man of the Moment (U)

56 **Patch of Blue** (A). Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters, Elizabeth Hartman. Until Sat: Hampstead Classic. With: In the Cool of the Day (A). Kilburn Essoldo, Kings Cross Century, Camden Town Plaza, Whalebone Lane Odeon. With: Made in Paris (A)

57 **The Pumpkin Eater** (X). James Mason, Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith. From Sun: Croydon Classic. With: The Girl with Green Eyes (X)

58 **Seven Days in May** (U). Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster. From Mon: Victoria Biograph. With: Strip Tease Murder (X)

59 **La Strada** (A). Giulietta Masina, Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart. From Sun: Notting Hill Classic

60 **Trials of Oscar Wilde** (X). Peter Finch, James Mason. From Sun: Piccadilly Circus Classic

61 **Who Wants to Sleep?** (X). Anita Ekberg. Charing Cross Road Jacey, Marble Arch Jacey

HORROR

62 **Godzilla v The Thing** (X). Akiro Takaranda. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: The Time Travellers (A)

63 **House of Frankenstein** (X). Boris Karloff. From Mon: Camberwell Grand. With: Dracula (X)

64 **House of Wax** (X). Frank Lovejoy, Vincent Price. From Sun: Shepherd's Bush Essoldo. With: The Pit and the Pendulum (X)

65 **House on Haunted Hill** (X). Carol Ohmart, Vincent Price. From Mon: Poplar Essoldo. With: Frankenstein 1970 (X)

66 **The Raven** (X). Vincent Price, Peter Lorre. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

MUSICALS

67 **Girls, Girls, Girls** (U). Elvis Presley, Stella Stevens. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: Carry on Cabby (U)

68 **A Hard Day's Night** (U). The Beatles. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (U). Southfields Plaza. With: Road to Hong Kong (U)

69 **The Jolson Story** (U). Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes. From Sun: Stockwell Classic. With: The Verdict (U)

70 **Mary Poppins** (U). Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo

71 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo, Lewisham Rex. With: King Solomon's Mines (U). Finchley Rex. With: Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy (U). From Sun: Highams Park Regal, Edmonton Granada. With: King Solomon's Mines (U)

THRILLERS

72 **Blindfold** (U). Rock Hudson, Claudia Cardinale. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Bus Riley's Back in Town (U)

73 **Il Bidone** (A). Giulietta Masina, Broderick Crawford. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman

74 **Licensed to Kill** (A). Tom Adams, Karel Stepanek. From Mon: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Run Johnnie Run (A). Putney Globe. With: Life in Emergency Ward 10.

76 **Modesty Blaise** (A). Monica Vitti, Dirk Bogarde, Terence Stamp. Until Sat: Poplar Essoldo, Leytonstone Rialto, Walthamstow Granada, Islington Odeon. With: Round the Bend (U)

77 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn. From Sun: Chelsea Essoldo

78 **Our Man in Marrakesh** (A). Tony Randall. Until Sat: Clapham Junction Imperial. With: Invasion (A)

79 **Ring of Spies** (A). Bernard Lee, William Sylvester. From Mon: Stepney Essoldo. With: Great Sioux Massacre (U)

80 **The Silencers** (A). Dean Martin, Daliah Lavi, Cyd Charisse. From Sun: Hendon Gaumont. With: The Notorious Landlady (U)

81 **The Spy Who Came in from the Cold** (A). Richard Burton, Claire Bloom. From Sun: Finchley Rex. With: The Pigeon That Worked a Miracle (U)

82 **The Spy Who Went Into Hell** (A). Ray Danton, Pascale Petit. From Sun: Ealing Walpole. With: Al Capone (A)

83 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic. With: World of Wax (U)

WAR

84 **Guns of Navarone** (A). Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, David Niven. From Sun: Palmers Green, Queens Hall. From Mon: Harlesden Coliseum. With: San Ferry Ann (U)

85 **Heroes of Telemark** (U). Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal

WESTERNS

86 **Blood on the Arrow** (U). Dale Robertson, Martha Hyer. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Rider on a Dead Horse (A)

87 **The Hallelujah Trail** (U). Burt Lancaster, Donald Pleasence. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon

88 **The Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, Steve McQueen, Horst Buchholz, Robert Vaughn, James Coburn. From Sun: Tooting Bec Classic. With: On the Run (U)

89 **Night Passage** (U). Audie Murphy, James Stewart. Dan Duryea. Until Sat: Brixton Classic. With: The Caddy (U)

90 **Shenandoah** (U). James Stewart, Doug McClure. Until Sat: Finsbury Park Astoria. With: The Truth about Spring (U). Notting Hill Gaumont. With: The Traitors (U)

PRE-RELEASE

91 **Inside Daisy Clover** (X). Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer. Until Sat: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Two on a Guillotine (X)

92 **Boeing-Boeing** (A). Tony Curtis, Jerry Lewis. From Sun: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Johnny Reno (A)

STOP PRESS

93 **Le Bonheur** (X). Jean-Claude Drout, Claire Drout. From Sun: Hendon Gala. With: Jules and Jim (X)

94 **Une Femme Mariée** (X). Macha Meuril, Bernard Neal. From Sun: Lewisham Rex. With: 38-24-36 (X)

95 **The Hellfire Club** (U). Keith Michell, Adrienne Corri. From Mon: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse

96 **The Longest Day** (A). Richard Burton, Kenneth More. From Mon: Acton Granada, East Ham Granada

97 **One Spy Too Many** (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. From Tue: Wandsworth Road Granada. With: The Money Trap (A). Not M 6 or W 8 June. Bingo

98 **Seven Slaves Against Rome** (U). Roger Browne, Scilla Gobel. From Mon: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Doomsday At 11 (U)

99 **Up in the World** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Man From Button Willow (U)

100 **The War Game** (X). From Sun: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

CINEMA CLUBS

National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3232). Th 2 June: On Approval. 6.15. Les Parents Terribles. 8.30
F 3 & Sun 5 June: Pandora's Box. Fri: 6.15, 8.50. Sun: 4.0, 6.30, 9.0
Sat 4 June: The Best Man. 4.0, 6.15. The Brig. 8.30
M 6 June: Hamlet. 6.15. Othello. 8.30
T 7 June: The Moscow Art Theatre. 6.15. Murder in the Cathedral. 8.30
W 8 June: The Bohemian Girl. 6.15. The Importance of Being Earnest. 8.30

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Game in Heaven with Tussy Marx by Piers Paul Read. 2 Miss MacIntosh, My Darling by Marguerite Young. 3 Tremor of Intent by Anthony Burgess. 4 Vienna by Ilsa Barea. 5 Avalon by Anya Seton.

The best political novel of the year, so far, is Piers Paul Read's *Game in Heaven with Tussy Marx* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s). It is gay, accomplished, enthusiastic – with overtones of an 18th-century fable – as full of ideas as the average thesis, and, for those who think young political novelists are pretentious or boring, it is short and amusing.

The author is a bit reluctant about being called a revolutionary. But his story is of a composite revolutionary figure called Hereward whose activities on earth are observed in Heaven by the narrator, a countess and Tussy Marx, daughter of Karl. Hereward's intentions are serious; he is a dedicated revolutionary. The world, a little rich girl at their head, awaits him. But he marries a girl called Miranda and his amorous adventures on the way to perfect revolutionary activity are many.

Piers Read, 25, son of Sir Herbert, background Yorkshire, Cambridge and recently a year in Germany where he met and was influenced by Gunter Grass, Witold Gombrowicz and Michel Butor, says: "I wanted quite consciously for my first book to be light. Political novels can be terribly boring. I love doing things when you're not quite sure whether it's a joke or not.

Methuen are to publish Konrad Lorenz "On Aggression" in September.

"The revolutionary nowadays I think must be cynical and humorous and self-critical. My great belief is that he shouldn't stop being a revolutionary. I suppose a Communist (with a capital C) might think it was a 'decadent' novel. It's as much concerned with the struggle against the aristocratic embrace as with the struggle against the *bourgeoisie* – Hereward is deliberately classless – and it stresses the importance of individuals. It's explaining this relationship that I'm interested in: the individual affects history; his private life affects him."

He is Roman Catholic, critical of the Russian and the American way of life and of our own society "which encourages people just enough to make them work efficiently accompanied by a barrage of publicity for a deadening, bluntening, humiliating way of life."

It is a young man's book, extremely Left Wing and full of sex – but it is, like *Animal Farm*, a political fable with an undiluted theory, and, unlike recent political novels, it has not resigned itself to corridors of power and bureaucratic byways. Anyone for a breath of fresh air?

carole d'albiac

NOVELS

TREMOR OF INTENT by Anthony Burgess. A spoof spy story, a satire on the motives of the spy, or a study of why men defect to Russia? Sex, gluttony and romance on a luxury cruise; violence and treachery in a Black Sea port; a villain who deals in international information; a surprise ending, and Mr Burgess's humour. Published by Heinemann, 6 June, 21s

AVALON by Anya Seton. The 10th century. Rumon, descended from Charlemagne, and King Alfred inspired by a vision of the Islands of the Blessed or King Arthur's legendary Avalon, falls in love with Merewyn, descended from King Arthur and brought up in Cornwall. A shipwreck brings them together; Rumon takes her to England, but becomes ensnared by Queen Alfrida, and only finds her again after many voyages. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, 6 June, 25s

MISS MACINTOSH, MY DARLING by Marguerite Young. The American best-seller which took 17 years to write and has been called simply the longest novel ever written. The publishers describe it as a journey in search of reality or an epic of the Arabian Nights of American Life. Published by Peter Owen, 2 June, 63s

THE FAMILY MOSKAT by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated from the Yiddish by A H Gross. The decline of European Jewry over the last 50 years. The novel spans the period from before the 1914-18 war until the invasion of Poland. At the beginning, the family is prosperous, united, orthodox; by the end it is dispersed, sceptical, impoverished. The two main characters are Abram, the lover of women, and Asa the thinker, who loses his faith but not his sense of race and eventually marries a Gentile and a Communist. Published by Secker & Warburg, 6 June, 42s

THE EVENING OF THE HOLIDAY by Shirley Hazzard. Sophie – half English, half Italian – meets Tancredi, an Italian separated from his wife and family. A love affair to the background of a summer festival in the Italian countryside, and its anti-climax. Published by Macmillan, 6 June, 18s

CHILD OF THE SUN by Onstott and Horner. The life of Varius Avitus Bassianus, nephew of the Emperor Caracalla, who afterwards became the Emperor Antoninus. A pretty boy who loved to dress in silk and gold, who came to like men better than women because of the schemes and ambitions of his mother and grandmother. Published by W H Allen, 6 June, 30s

DOUBLE IMAGE by Helen Macinnes. A best-seller in America, the story starts in Paris, where a young American becomes involved in the identification of a German SS Colonel now connected with Russian espionage. Published by Collins, 6 June, 21s

GENERAL, HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL

VIENNA by Ilsa Barea. A study of Viennese history and the city's great contribution to European civilisation. A long opening chapter deals with Vienna until the 17th century: myth, legend, geographical factors, Viennese characteristics. Then the main part of the book is devoted to 18th and 19th century Vienna, with a final chapter on "Builders of the Future." Published by Secker & Warburg, 6 June, 55s

TABOO by Armand Denis. Subtitled "sex and morality around the world," the book studies sex in primitive and other societies, notably India, China, Japan, Tahiti. Published by W H Allen, 6 June, 30s

THE WEST ON TRIAL by Cheddi Jagan. Dr Jagan expounds the cause of freedom for British Guiana, the case for immediate reform to make the country independent of rich industrialised and neo-colonialist countries. Published by Michael Joseph, 6 June, 50s

THE BRITISH AND THEIR SUCCESSORS by Richard Symonds. A study of the development of government services in India, Ceylon, the influence of the Indian experience in Africa, the attitudes of the French, Belgians, Dutch and Americans to development in dependent territories. Published by Faber, 2 June, 36s

WEST VIKING by Farley Mowat. The early westward voyages of the Norse reconstructed: from Scandinavia to Ireland, the Scottish Isles, Iceland, Greenland and North America. Published by Secker & Warburg, 6 June, 50s

Piers Paul Read, 25 (top): political theory, sex and humour in "Game In Heaven with Tussy Marx." Anya Seton (above): a new novel, "Avalon," set in the 10th century.

NEW PAPERBACKS

FREEDOM AND DEATH by Nikos Kazantzakis, Faber, 12s 6d

PASSION FLOWERS IN ITALY by Rosalind Erskine, Pan, 3s 6d

POPE PAUL VI by William Barrett, Pan, 5s

THE CLOCKS by Agatha Christie, Fontana, 3s 6d

WINDS OF THE DAY by Howard Spring, Fontana, 6s

And from Evans four volumes of their "Literature in Perspective" series aimed at the general reader:

WORDSWORTH by Margaret Drabble

KEATS by Fred Inglis

TENNYSON by J B Steane

JANE AUSTEN by Norman Sherry. All 7s 6d in paperback, or 15s in hard cover

coming soon

16 June: THAT'S HOW IT WAS by Maureen Duffy (Panther)

30 June: MY FRIEND DEGAS by Daniel Halevy (Hart-Davis)

July: BY GRAND CENTRAL STATION I SAT DOWN AND WEPT by Elizabeth Smart (Panther)

POEMS by Robert Creeley (Calder & Boyars)

music

FIRST FIVE: 1 La Fille du Regiment, Covent Garden (Thurs). 2 Bluebeard, Sadler's Wells (Fri, Tues). 3 Joan of Arc at the Stake, Festival Hall (Sun). 4 NPO, Festival Hall (Tues). 5 Claudio Arrau, Festival Hall (Wed).

To British concertgoers, Arthur Honegger is little more than a name and a label – one of the French composers (though actually Swiss-born) who comprised *Les Six* of the twenties. His oratorio *King David* gets fairly regular outings with our choral societies and his once-sensational *Pacific 231* survives by repute. Otherwise he is forgotten here. Next Sunday (5 June) this neglect will be repaired by the first Festival Hall performance of perhaps his most remarkable work, *Jeanne D'Arc au Bucher* (Joan of Arc at the Stake), by the London Symphony Orchestra.

Dating from 1934-35, *Jeanne D'Arc* is unusual in having both leading roles – Joan and her guiding spirit, Brother Dominic – written for speaking voices. It is also one of those dramatic works, like *Damnation of Faust* and *Oedipus Rex*, that can be presented either as opera or oratorio; the last British performance, in 1954, was at the Stoll Theatre with Ingrid Bergman as Joan. Paul Claudel's poem is a vividly emotional, rather than analytical,

The London Symphony Orchestra are planning their first visit to the Soviet Union.

view of Joan's drama, with a strong satirical element – her judges are likened to wild beasts and the kings and princes to their counterparts in the card pack. These episodes are vigorously seized on by Honegger, whose gift for grotesquely mocking music matches Shostakovich.

His 80-minute score, requiring two choirs, six soloists, and an orchestra including three saxophones and the electronic Ondes Martenot, draws on many styles: pounding, Stravinsky-like rhythms, extended plainsong passages, fragments of '30s "pop," and meltingly innocent song. Perhaps his outstanding characteristic is the capacity, foreshadowing Britten, to weave simple-seeming elements into a complex, meaningful texture. There is a Brittenish flavour, too, in the bitterly ironical attack on the brute forces of ignorance and destruction.

The comparison should not be pushed too far: the musical inspiration of *Jeanne D'Arc* is not at *War Requiem* level. But it is an impressive, often arresting, work and the poetic qualities of the French language help to make long-spoken parts acceptable. On Sunday they will be taken by Vera Zorina, ex-dancer, Hollywood star, and a specialist in musico-dramatic roles, and Alec Clunes, of *My Fair Lady* fame.

richard last

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 2 June: Works by Haydn, Glazounov, Prokofiev, De Falla. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Soloist: Nathan Milstein, violin. 8.0. F 3 June: Folksound of Britain. Martin Carthy and Dave Swarbrick, Jeannie Robertson, Shirley Collins, Felix Doran and family, Bob Roberts, Fred Jordan, Louis Killen, Cyril Tawney and The Watersons. 8.0. Sat 4 June: BBC International Festival of Light Music. Including works by Walton, Binge, Mendelssohn. BBC Festival Orchestra. Conductors: Vilem Tausky, Sidney Torch. Soloists: Margaret Burton, Cherry Lind, Leslie Fyson, Michael Rippon. Johanna Martzy, violin; Nigel Coxe, piano. 7.30. Sun 5 June: Joan of Arc at the Stake, Honegger. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Seiji Ozawa. London Symphony Orchestra Chorus. Soloists: Vera Zorina, Heather Harper, Helen Watts, Alexander Young, Forbes Robinson. 7.30. T 7 June: Works by Prokofiev, Mozart, Dvorák. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Soloist: Michael Roll, piano

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Sun 5 June: Works by Beethoven. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. Soloist: Yehudi Menuhin. 7.30

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 1852). Th 2 June: Works by Stravinsky, Milhaud, Martin, Gounod. Jaques Orchestra. Conductor: Bernard Jacob. Soloists: Harold Clark, flute; Edward Selwyn, oboe; Geoffrey Emmott, clarinet. 7.30. Sat 4 June: Ritha Devi & Company. Dances of India. 8.0

KENWOOD LAKESIDE. Sat 4 June: Open-air Concert. Works by Elgar, Haydn, Tchaikovsky. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: George Hurst. 8.0

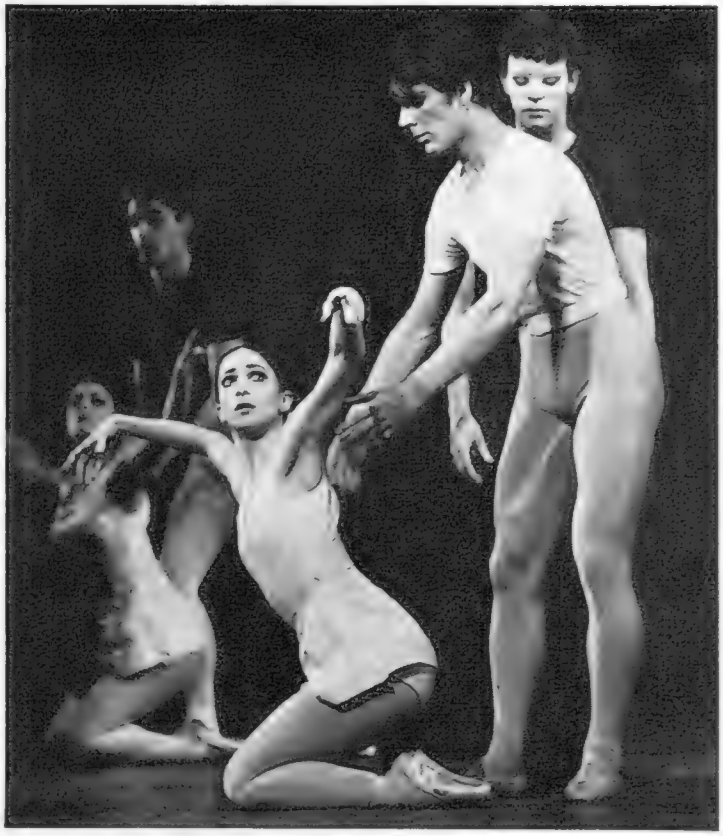
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS. Sun 5 June: Band of the Royal Signals. 3.0 & 7.30. M-W 6-8 June: Band of the Royal Signals. 12.30 & 7.30

ST COLUMBA'S CHURCH HALL, Pont Street, SW1. T 7 June: Partsongs, folksongs, madrigals by John Benet, Rodney Bennett, Dowland, Iain Hamilton, Hindemith, Kodaly. London Scottish Choir. Conductor: Kenneth Roberton

RECITALS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 5 June: Works by Beethoven, Chopin, Scriabin, Prokofiev, Schumann, Ravel. Soloist: Daniel Wayenberg, piano. 3.0. W 8 June: Beethoven sonatas. Soloist: Claudio Arrau, piano. 8.0

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 2 June: Songs and arias by Peri Cavalli, Haydn, Clara Wieck, Gretchaninov, Pizzetti, Santoliquido, Alfano, De Falla, Sandoval, Pilati, Rossini, Zandonai. Soloists: Maria Valeria Zazo, soprano, Thomas Christian David, piano. 7.30. F 3 June: Works by Grieg, Sibelius, Strauss, Wagner, Byrd, Gibbon, A de la Halle, Buxtehude, Rossi, J des Pres, Reger, Diack and traditional



Marcia Haydee, Donald MacLeary and Anthony Dowell in "Song of the Earth," a new ballet on the theme of life and death.

songs. Soloists: Leonora Fane, soprano and the Newham Girl Singers. 7.30. Sat 4 June: Works by Ravel. Soloist: Daniel Ericourt, piano. 3.0. M 6 June: Works by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Debussy, Liszt. Soloist: Caryl Robertson, piano. 7.30. T 7 June: Works by Chopin, Fauré, Debussy, Messiaen. Soloist: John Philips, piano. 7.30. W 8 June: Music for guitar by Dowland, Daniell Batchelar, J S Bach, Sor, Torroba, Villa-Lobos. Works by Nin, Ginastera, De Falla, Granados. Soloists: John Williams, guitar, Anne Howells, mezzo-soprano, John Streets, piano. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). Sat 4 June: Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Dvorák. London Mozart Players. Conductor: Harry Blech. Soloist: Vladimir Ashkenazy. 7.45

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7 (KEN 6371). Sun 5 June: Sonatas and trios by Beethoven and Brahms. Soloists: Alan Civil, horn; Bernard Walton, clarinet; Hugh Bean, violin. Eileen Croxford, 'cello; David Parkhouse, piano. 7.30

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 1852). W 8 June: Works by Arne, Bassani, Freedman, Shostakovitch, Tchaikovsky. The Hart House Chamber Orchestra. Conductor: Boyd Neel. 8.0

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 3 June: Romeo and Juliet, Prokofiev/MacMillan. Conductor: Young. Principals: Seymour, Gable. 7.30 (all seats sold). Sat 4 June: Romeo and Juliet, Prokofiev/MacMillan. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Page, MacLeary. 7.30. M 6 & T 7 June: Romeo and Juliet. Prokofiev/MacMillan. Conductor: Young. Principals: Fonteyn, Nureyev. 7.30

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 2 June: La Fille du Régiment, Donizetti. Benevolent Fund Gala. 8.0. W 8 June: La Fille du Régiment, Donizetti (in French). Conductor: Bonynge. Principals: Sutherland, M Sinclair, Pavarotti, Malas. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 2, Sat 4, M 6 June: La Vie Parisienne, Offenbach. Conductor: William Reid. Principals: Studholme, Burton, Robson, Morey, Belcourt, Fryatt, Miller, Stroud. 7.30. F 3 & Tu 7 June: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton, Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30. W 8 June: Orpheus in the Underworld, Offenbach. Conductor: Kern. Principals: London, Johnston, Morey, Manning, London, Miller, Belcourt, Browne, Stroud. 7.30

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex (Ringmer 411). F 3, Sun 5, W 8 June: Werther, Massenet. Conductor: Carlo Felice Cillario. Principals: Françoise Doué, Helia T'Hezan, Jean Brazzi, Peter Gottlieb. F & W: 5.50. Sun: 4.50. Sat 4 & M 6 June: Dido and Aeneas, Purcell/Britten. Conductor: John Pritchard. Principals: Janet Baker, Thomas Hemsley. L'Heure Espagnole, Ravel. Conductor: John Pritchard. Principals: Isabel Garcisanz, Victor Autran, Hugues Cuenod, Pierre Le Hémonet, Michel Sénéchal. 6.05

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Paul Jenkins (Arthur Tooth). 2 Victor Pasmore (New London). 3 Aubrey Beardsley (V & A). 4 Seligman Collection (Arts Council). 5 "La Vie Intime" (Roland Browse & Delbanco).

Any artist, whatever his stature or age, must find it difficult to come out from under a retrospective exhibition.

The first concern of a good artist is the next picture. Too much reflection on his past, however distinguished, can lead to a weakening in his resolve to move forward. There is not much danger of Pasmore falling into that condition. Last June he had a retrospective show at the Tate Gallery, covering work between 1925 and 1965, and in September a solo exhibition, almost as large, and of different work, at the San Paolo Biennale. The Tate show was as distinguished as it was encouraging because however satisfying any particular phase of his work appeared on its own, the whole show illustrated a continuing development and progress. The most recent works were the most impressive as well as satisfying, particularly in the galleries where he spread from canvas or frame, and extended his environmental control of our responses over the walls so that we could feel that it really was his room.

Rouault (1871-1958): Edinburgh Festival exhibition will come to the Tate in October. It includes about 120 paintings.

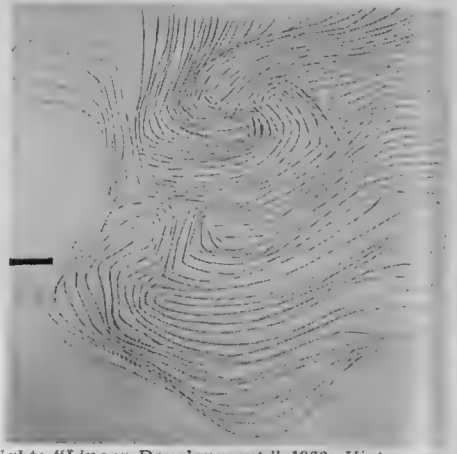
His recent work now on exhibition at the New London shows Pasmore engaged on several fronts at once, as though he were confident in himself at last of giving full expressive value to an image without feeling that he must suppress, for the time being, another image calling for a different treatment or material expression.

Probably the artist values most his new transparent constructions because he has always stressed the virtues of an integrated art in which architecture is the crown.

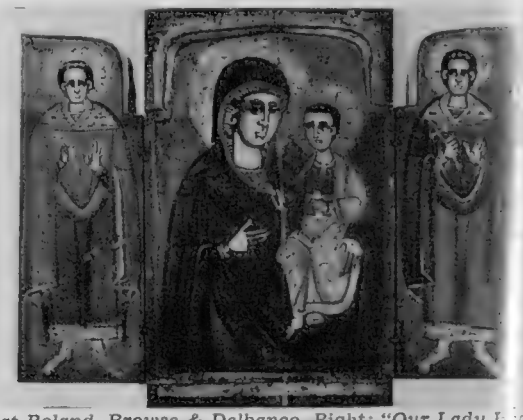
"Painting," he has said, "is the only pure architecture." Certainly his constructions have always implied such an analogy, with clusters of vertical, purified forms or space penetrating beams, felt to be seen in either plan or elevation, sometimes curving to give motion but not movement. Equivalent to projects, orders *for* architecture rather than orders *of* architecture.

His paintings are the reverse without being argumentatively opposite. They complement the constructions, they persuade sensually and immediately, they enhance the senses. The timeless quality in his work is clearly up to date and into the future rather than mindful of the past.

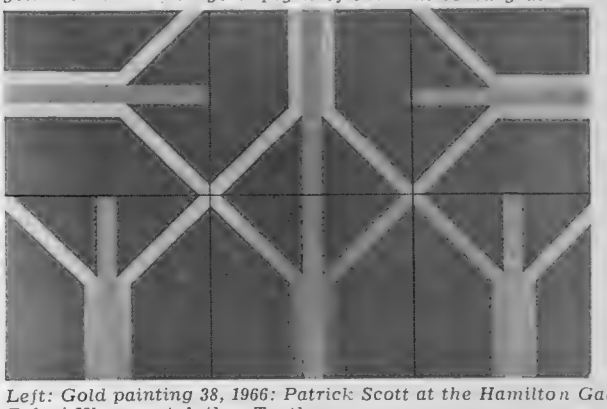
keith sutton

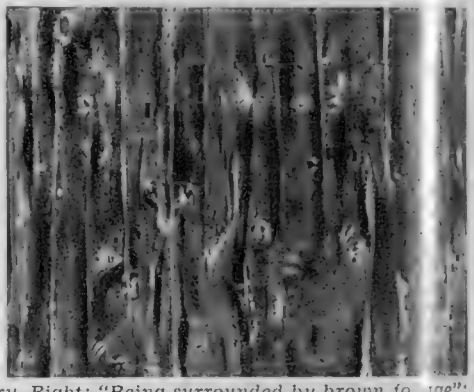


Left: "Le Pont d'Asnières," 1888: Paul Signac at Arthur Tooth. Right: "Linear Development," 1966: Victor Pasmore at Marlborough New London.



Left: "Watching Cowes Regatta," 1892: P Wilson Steer at Roland, Browse & Delbanco. Right: "Our Lady I[illegible]degetria": Balkan village triptych of the 18th century at the Temple Gallery.





Left: Gold painting 38, 1966: Patrick Scott at the Hamilton Gallery. Right: "Being surrounded by brown fo[illegible]ge": Balraj Khanna at Arthur Tooth.

OPENING

PIETRO ANNIGONI. Upper Grosvenor, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYD 3091. Paintings, watercolours and drawings. 3 June-1 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1, Sun 2-5

RUTH ATKINSON. Everyman Foyer, Everyman Cinema, NW3. HAM 4071. Paintings and fabric collages. 6 June-3 July. M-Sat 2-10, Sun 4.30-10.30

ALBERT DEMAN. Trafford, 119 Mount Street, W1. GRO 2021. Third solo exhibition at gallery by French painter orientated between Paris and Bordeaux. 7 June-1 July. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

GERHARD VON GRAEVENITZ. Signals London, 39 Wigmore Street, W1. WEL 8044. Kinetic works in first solo exhibition in London of German artist who works in Munich: wood and metal moveable and electrified creations, including "light-objects" in darkened gallery. 9 June-30 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MAJORIE PARR. 285 Kings Road, SW3. FLA 0768. Wood Sculptures and Constructions, including work by Roger Leigh, Joe Tilson and Peter Startup. 8-29 June. Daily 9.30-5.30

TEMPLE GALLERY. 4 Yeomans Row, Brompton Road, SW3. KEN 6622. Icons: new exhibition including items from Balkan villages, a 16th century Russian "Christ Pantocrator," an early Greek Icon from Macedonia and two with rare subjects – "The Miracle at the Pool of Bethesda" and "The Three Marys at the Tomb." Open through June and early July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

SAURA. ICA, 17-18 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Paintings, collages and drawings by leading Spanish contemporary artist. 10 June-9 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ARTHUR TOOTH. 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. "Pointillisme": first exhibition devoted to the style since 1951. It includes paintings by Seurat, Signac, Vuillard, Schuffenecker and Pissaro. 7-25 June. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

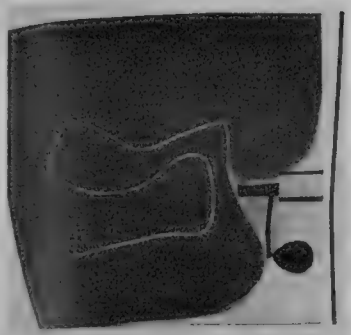
CURRENT

AIA. 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Diana Dean. Sculptures: also prints, open exhibition. Until 7 June. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

ILENE ASTRAHAN. Portal Gallery, 16a Grafton Street. W1. HYD 0706. "Doors of Perception." Until 24 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

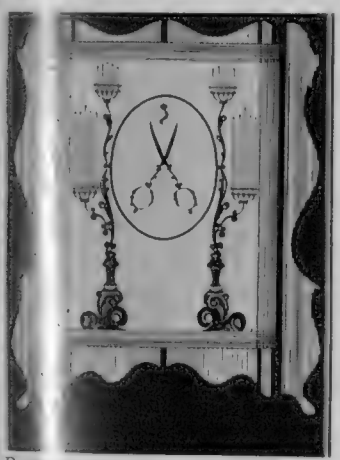
EDWARD AVEDISIAN. Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Paintings by American abstract artist. Until 18 June. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

BATTERSEA PARK. Open-air sculpture exhibition; including works by Moore, Hepworth, Paolozzi, Caro etc. Until 30 Sep – till the light fails. Adm 2s 6d Stds & under 16, 1s 6d



"Brown development," 1966: Victor Pasmore at Marlborough New London.

Cover of The Yellow Book, *October 1894: Aubrey Beardsley at the V & A.*



Design for the cover of The Rape of the Lock, *1896: Aubrey Beardsley at the V & A.*

AUBREY BREARDSLEY. Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Drawings, lithographs, documents. Until 18 Sep. Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

BRITISH MUSEUM. Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. A further selection of Masterpieces from the Print Room: New Guinea; the Sepik Headwaters 1963-4; Far Eastern Screen Painting: Swedish Gold. Until 26 June. Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

ERIC BROWN & PAMELA KERR. Grabowski, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Paintings and metal collages. Until 23 June. Daily 10-6

ROGER COOK. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Second solo exhibition, recent paintings, acrylic on canvas, kapok padding. Until 23 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURWEN, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. "Made by Hand"; a retrospective of auto-lithography printed at the Curwen press 1920-50. Until 2 July. M-F 10-5, Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

ANTHONY D'OFFAY. 8 Vigo Street, W1. REG 5568. The English Friends of Paul Gauguin. Until 2 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BILL DOLE. McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Abstract collages with graphic inflections; first solo exhibition in Britain. Until 18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

OTTO GUTFREUND (1889-1927). Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Czech cubist, born in Prague; 22 bronzes and about 20 drawings. Until 24 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BARBARA HEPWORTH. Gimpels Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Recent sculptures and drawings, work in bronze and slate. Until July. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

IVON HITCHENS. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent paintings, oil on canvas, romantic landscapes. Until 25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PAUL JENKINS. Arthur Tooth, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. Oils and water-colours, modest in size but grand in scale. Until 4 June. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

BALRAJ KHANNA. Anthony Tooth, 6a Maddox Street, W1. GRO 7491. Recent abstract paintings by Indian artist living in England. Until 21 June. M-F 10.30-5.30, Sat 10-1

LEFEVRE. 30 Bruton Street, W1. MAY 2250. Contemporary French and British painters including Colmece, Taylor, Lowry, Burra and M Smith. Until September. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

LORD'S GALLERY. 26 Wellington Road, St John's Wood, NW8. PRI 4444. "Bonnard, Lautrec & '90's Posters" extended till mid-June. Daily 10-7

O'HANA. 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Summer exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings. Until 17 Sep. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

VICTOR PASMORE. Marlborough New London, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Recent relief constructions. Also four large works by Gottlieb. Until 1 July. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

BRIDGET RILEY. Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Drawings on paper from all stages of her development. Until 25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

ROLAND, BROWSE & DELBANCO. 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. *La Vie Intime.* Until 18 June. M-F 10.30-5.30, Sat 10-1

MATT RUGG. New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Painted and unpainted wooden works. Until 25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PATRICK SCOTT. Hamilton, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Adjustable abstracts, gold on natural canvas. Second solo exhibition at gallery. Until 18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

coming soon

NOLDE AND KLEE watercolours, drawings and paintings make up the next exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art

SALEROOMS

FRI 3 JUNE
Nineteenth-century pictures at Christie's. 11 am
English and Continental furniture, rugs and carpets and works of art at Sotheby's. 11 am
Postage stamps at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am
Household furniture and effects at Phillips, Son & Neale's Marylebone auction rooms. 10 am

MON 6 JUNE
English and Continental porcelain at Christie's. 11 am
Books and manuscripts from the Kenney Library at Sotheby's. 11 am
Antique and reproduction furniture, carpets, porcelain and pictures at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am
Postage stamps of the world at Harmer's, 1.30 pm, continuing Tues and Wed. This sale includes stamps from British Commonwealth collections, British West Indies collections and three general collections. In this sale a 1961-64 Tanganyika sheet of black, emerald and yellow "UHURU 196" independence stamps could go for as much as £125

TUES 7 JUNE
Objects of art and vertu at Christie's. 11 am
Printed books at Sotheby's. 11 am
Household furniture and effects at Bonham's Old Chelsea Galleries. 11 am
Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am
English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

WED 8 JUNE
Paintings by Old Masters at Sotheby's. 11 am
English and foreign silver at Christie's. 11 am
Antiques at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

THURS 9 JUNE
English and Continental furniture at Christie's. 11 am
English and foreign silver and plate at Sotheby's. 11 am
Antique and modern furniture at Bonham's. 11 am
High-quality pictures by Old and Modern Masters at Bonham's. 11 am
Stamps from Poland, Russia and the Italian states at Harmer Rooke's. 11 am and 2 pm

ADDRESSES & VIEWING TIMES
Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – at least three days before sale
Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – at least three days before sale
Harmer Ltd, 41 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 0218) – at least three days before sale
Harmer Rooke & Co Ltd, 2 Arundel Street, WC2 (TEM 7941) – at least three days before sale
Motcomb Galleries, 19 Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636 – at least two days before sale
Phillips, Son & Neale, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least two days before sale
Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

penny haworth

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 9 JUNE:
Show: Richmond Royal Horse Show (and 10th).

FRIDAY 10 JUNE:
Ball: Midsummer ball, Gatwick Manor Hotel, Sussex, in aid of the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children.

SATURDAY 11 JUNE:
Custom: Trooping the Colour.
Polo: Ascot week tournament, Windsor Great Park.

TUESDAY 14 JUNE:
Racing: Royal Ascot (until 17th).

MONDAY 20 JUNE:
Tennis: All-England lawn tennis championships, Wimbledon (until 2 July).
Cricket: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will visit Lord's to see part of second test match: England v W. Indies.

WEDNESDAY 29 JUNE:
Regatta: Henley Royal Regatta (until 2 July).

THURSDAY 30 JUNE:
Ball: Dr Barnardo's Tower of London ball, the Tower.

FRIDAY 8 JULY:
Show: Royal Windsor rose show.

SATURDAY 9 JULY:
Cricket: Varsity match, Lord's – also 11 and 12th July.

WEDNESDAY 13 JULY:
Tournament: Royal Tournament, Earls Court (till 30th).

MONDAY 18 JULY:
Show: International horse show, White City (till 23rd).

SATURDAY 30 JULY:
Football: World Cup final, Wembley.
Sailing: Cowes Week regatta (till 7th August).

TUESDAY 2 AUGUST:
Show: Dublin horse show (till 6th).

WEDNESDAY 10 AUGUST:
Show: Ascot jumping show, Ascot Racecourse (till 13th).

SATURDAY 13 AUGUST:
Championship: National Town Criers' Championship, Hastings, Sussex.

SUNDAY 21 AUGUST:
Festival: Edinburgh International Festival (till 10th September).

MONDAY 29 AUGUST:
Golf: Carling professional world golf championships, Royal Birkdale, Southport, Lancs (till 3 September).

WEDNESDAY 7 SEPTEMBER:
Racing: St Leger, Doncaster.

THURSDAY 8 SEPTEMBER:
Gathering: Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, Aberdeenshire.

SUNDAY 11 SEPTEMBER:
Motocross: World Championship: 250 cc Trophée des Nations, Brands Hatch, Kent.

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GOOD EATING

I thought the value-for-money at the new Surrey Tavern was bad until I ate at Lord's. It is with this dismal thought that I report on prospects of eating at London's cricket grounds.

At the Oval, a modern two-storey building is now one of Surrey CCC's glories. A banqueting suite for 300 – halved, as a rule, between members and public eaters – has been carpeted with a red, black and gold motif showing cricket balls, wickets and bails. On one side, the windows face the street. On the other, all along the fibre-glass panelling, a strip of old prints, score cards and evocative cricketing photographs complete the pretty picture. All that is lacking now is – food.

The facts are as follows: for 10s you get a cold main course, sweet *and* cheese. That means starting with cold ham or veal, ham and egg pie, or cold silverside; plus salad and new potatoes. At 14s 6d you start with a hot main course – grilled minute steak, or roast wing of chicken – or cold salmon or cold wing of chicken. Then there is the usual ice cream, fruit salad or gâteau. And, finally, cheese. Coffee costs 10d extra.

To work backwards: I did not like the coffee. The gâteau was dry – but I must report that a cheerful and friendly waitress – as they all are – changed it for fruit salad and ice cream very willingly. The cheese offered a tiny selection – blue or Cheddar – as if there were no other cheeses in creation. And the steak was moderately tender. Still, for 10s you can have a sensible sort of plain salad and waitress service, and that's something. The caterers are the Westminster Wine Company.

Now Lord's does have more to look at: the game, for a start, which you can't see while eating at the Oval. And a trio of portraits, too. There's Lewis Cage, a gentleman practitioner of the game in and around 1768; Vyell Edward Walker, born 1837, fine hitter and bowler and brilliant field, and MCC President in 1891; and the three large and abrasive-looking founders of I Zingari (1845).

But all that Ring and Brymer, part of the Forte empire, have to offer at Lord's is a 15s fixed buffet, all cold: cold meats or salmon; sweet (fruit salad, etc) *or* cheese; coffee. You can, of course, fill up on potato salad. You can even concentrate on the cricket. But it does seem to me rather too expensive – and it's self-service, too!

Of course, cricket is a difficult game to cater at. A dying spectator sport, subject to the vagaries of English weather. And Ring and Brymer, who have been operating the Lord's concession at a loss, will be giving it up at the end of this season. But, having made these allowances – and I must remark, too, that catering facilities in Lord's now are not the most modern – let me add this:

Ring and Brymer, who also feed me at Twickenham each year during the Middlesex Seven-a-Sides, seem to manage better there. I've had steak-and-kidney pudding for my 15s *and* full waitress service. And I have some jolly good news about Lord's. The Tavern, and adjoining restaurants, are coming down at the end of this season. In 1967 ("all being well," says assistant MCC secretary Jim Dunbar) the new Tavern and restaurant (from which you won't be able to see the game) will be open.

The new Lord's caterers will be Pattison-Hughes, venturing South from their Midland and Northern strongholds (they also cater at Old Trafford) for the first time. A cricketing friend, who has eaten at most of England's major grounds, has this to say of Edgbaston, where Pattison-Hughes cater:

"The food is excellent. Edgbaston is a very good ground, with first-rate facilities for players, Press, administration, everything. Warwickshire, under secretary Leslie Deakins, are one of the most progressive clubs in the country."

When the new Tavern is built, we can expect meals along these lines, which is what lucky Warwickshire men get now: A 10s hot lunch, offering choice of half-a-dozen main courses including roast la[illegible]b, steak-and-kidney pie, and [illegible]sh on Fridays; followed by a choice of three or four sw[illegible]ts or cheeses. Coffee costs 8d [illegible]extra (1966 prices).

"It is," say Pattison-Hu[illegible]es modestly, "the ordinary E[illegible]glish standard type of lun[illegible]." Well, so it is, gentlemen – [illegible]nd I welcome it.

● An Australian, J[illegible]ck Zuber by name, has [illegible]ust arrived in London, after s[illegible]op-overs at Tahiti and Mex[illegible]co. And, brother, does he ha[illegible]e a complaint! "I cannot spea[illegible] or read any language o[illegible]er than English," he says. "C[illegible]n-sequently, in Tahiti [illegible]nd Mexico I was lost with Fr[illegible]ch and Spanish. I looked forw[illegible]rd to arriving in London, wh[illegible]e I felt I could at last look a[illegible] an hotel menu and order in [illegible]on-fidence.

"To my amazement, when I went down to luncheon at my first hotel, the waiter presented me with a menu printed in French! To an illiterate English-speaking Australian my interpretation of *filet de sole bonne femme* is 'a good sort of female fish.' And what is *hachis de dindonneau Colbert*? Is is some sort of haggis?"

When last heard of, Mr Zuber was hiring a car and heading out to the rural areas, "where I hope to find English is still the accepted language." He's quite right, of course. Maybe he should have tried beating the maîtres-d'hôtel over their napkins with a boomerang.

arthur pottersman

The new banqueting hall at The Oval: the ball, wicket and [illegible]ail motif on the carpeting can be seen at bottom right.

AROUND TOWN

RESTAURANT MAURER 9, Greek Street, W1 (GER 4659). Open Monday-Saturday, 12-3 and 6-11 (last orders 10.45). Madame Maurer married into the place when she came here from Cologne over 30 years ago, and still rules the kitchen in her idiosyncratic Alsatian way. I think that publisher and fellow foodman Anthony Blond, with whom I tested Maurers the other week, will always remember with me the anguished hush that fell upon the whole crowd of lunch eaters to hear her talking eagerly on the phone about some small boy's well-being. Very plain décor, not over-comfortable wooden chairs, bookings accepted for a minimum of four, superb cooking – by Madame herself in the kitchen just behind the restaurant. Soup (1s 6d), liver dumplings – big and light (8s), schnitzel (16s), home-made *bratwurst* (8s). Frankly, everything is very good. As to sweets, all home-made, ice-cream or fruit flan or gâteau (with cream, of course, this being German eating) are lovely. By now she'll have got her licence, but a large bottle of Schloer apple-juice goes well with Madame Maurer's cooking, too (3s 6d). She does all the shopping herself, often twice a day, and the baking and cooking, too – service is by a Swiss fraulein with delightfully broad vowels. Minimum charge is 12s 6d a head, but you can eat jolly well for 15s anyway. No credit cards; no luncheon vouchers; no cheques

FELD'S, 47 Wells Street, W1 (MUS 3772). In the heart of London's rag-trade, behind Oxford Street. Open Monday to Thursday 11.30-9 pm; Friday 11.30-3.30; Sunday 12-9. No licence, but you can bring your own beer. They will accept bookings if you feel nervous about, say, Sunday lunchtime. I took an American taster with me recently. His report: "Very *heimeshe* cooking indeed. The kind of cooking you'd expect to find in a good Jewish home." Much quieter and smaller than the Whitechapel Bloom's, though the dishes vary little in name. It's also slightly cheaper – chopped liver 1s 6d; *borsht* 2s; pickled cucumber 1s; lemon tea 1s. My taster was most enthusiastic about the *viennas* – small and tasty (4s 6d for two pairs). I found the *tzimmes* slightly too salty, but the *jarfel* is first-rate. My taster also considered that the mayonnaise on his potato salad and coleslaw (all vegetables and salads are 1s 6d) was so mild as to be home-made. Bill for two is unlikely to reach 30s

WINE & CHEESE, in the basement of 9 Park Walk, Chelsea, SW10 (FLA 7782). Open Tuesday to Sunday from 6 pm-1 am. This is the new place that really made me see the virtues of this speciality kick. Booking will become necessary, if the owners have any luck. They will start you off with soup or corn on the cob or avocado pear or asparagus, from 3s to 5s 6d. But the house specialities are Swiss cheese *fondue* (17s 6d), English cheese board (16s); Gourmet cheese board (16s); Cheese Board of Your Choice (12s 6d); *fondue Bourguignonne* (40s). All these prices are for two

Other dishes – by the single cover – fried jumbo scampi 9s 6d; steak Tartare 15s; spare ribs 10s. Finish up with apple pie or ice-cream 2s 6d to 3s 6d. Or even, if you can still face cheese, Welsh rarebit with anchovy 3s 6d. A pricey wine list veers from Beaujolais at 22s to a claret at 77s. Thankfully, they do a carafe at 12s 6d, and iced Carlsberg draught lager at 3s a glass. There's a cover charge of 2s after 10 pm. Apart from that, you can eat and drink as cheaply as 25s for two

BOUDOIR, 257 Fulham Road, SW3 (FLA 9449, 6495). Monday to Saturday 12-12.30 and 6.30-11.30. Lunchtime in this highly rated corner of Chelsea is inevitably on the quiet side, but Mr Ventura the manager is smiling and helpful at any time. Décor is really a Hollywood conception of Louis XV, with a couple of 18th-century nudes on the silk-covered walls and four-poster bed canopies over some tables. Taped music is sometimes a little too loud, and with an unhurried meal you may notice the tunes coming around for the fourth time. Service by frilly-fronted waiters is most ego-boosting. Start with *Avocado jardin* (8s 6d), which is filled with sweet corn, smoked sturgeon (12s 6d) or melon (9s 6d). Soups are delicious – particularly the cream of fish *veloute de mer* (7s 6d). Fish dishes include: trout with prawns (16s 6d), sole with oysters (19s 6d) or with caviare (22s 6d). For entrées I have enjoyed the *filets Mousquetaires*, one each of lamb, veal, beef (21s 6d) and tasters enthuse about Boudoir-created *caneton Avogan* (with fresh pineapple, 21s 6d) or *suprême bergerette en papillote* (chicken breast, *pâté*-stuffed, cooked under paper, 21s 6d). A wide selection of fresh vegetables is offered, so you can take a little of everything. Among the sweets, I was delighted by *coupe à la Russe*, a kind of cold *zabaglione* (7s 6d). Wines have just been made 10 per cent. cheaper. Selection starts at 25s a bottle. Average bill for two: £8. Fellow-eaters you see there may include: Eammon Andrews, Hattie Jacques or the Marquess of Tavistock. CREDIT CARDS: *Barclays, Diners, American Express*

WILTONS, 27 Bury Street, SW1 (WHI 8391). Monday to Friday 12 to 3 (or a little later) and 5.30 to 11. Saturday, lunch only. Very debby what with Quaglino's across the road. Admire, also, the Alphaville-style new office block shattering the south-western skyline next door. This Is Where The Well-Brought-Up English Eat Well Prepared And Very English Food. It may be almost too plain – grilled Dover soles, steaks, chops, cold buffet – for some. Very Edwardian atmosphere, and almost in-group with its casual reception of newcomers. Notorious, of course, is the absence of any prices on the menu, which is elegant up to a point but also a little unnerving to those unused to it. In general it works out at £4 a head, including wine. Manager: Mr Marks. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

HOSTARIA ROMANA, 70 Dean Street, W1 (REG 2869). Open every day from 12.0-3.0 and 6.0-11.30 (last orders). Frankly the décor has to be experienced to be believed, from the mermaid as naked as a mermaid can be outside, and busts of Roman emperors within. But the food is very good indeed – indeed, often exceptional. Comfortable, if slightly cramped seating. Good, if a mite brusque waiting. The menu changes every day. I select these personal favourites: *tagliatelle alla crema* (4s 6d); *crespoline gratinate alla romana* (4s 6d); fresh mixed seafood cocktail (6s 6d); *abbachio* – roast baby lamb (9s 6d); *trotelle alla livornese* – trout in white wine, with tomatoes, garlic, mushrooms (9s 6d); *nodino di vitello* – veal chop in butter and sage (11s 6d). All these main dishes include vegetables. The usual Italian sweets, with nothing out of the ordinary that I can remember. Carafe wine, Italian of course, is jolly good and plentiful and 14s. Angelo Mansi and Mario Carboni, who run the Hostario, do a good cheerful business, among which I once overheard this gem: "Who on earth did this translation – because the Finnish Navy said it's all wrong." Bill for two will just top £3. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, First City National Travellers Cheque, Eurocard*

TOP TEN

AU JARDIN DES GOURMETS, French, 5 Greek Street, W1 (GER 1816). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30. Average bill for two £4 10s-£5. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

BARON OF BEEF, English, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Mon-Fri 12-3, 5-9.30 (last orders, but licensed to 11). Average bill for two £5 plus. No credit cards, but private accounts arranged

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001), and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 1 am-3 pm. Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30-3, 5.30-11 (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Average bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

CAPRICE, French, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 3183, 5154). Mon-Sat 12.30-3, 6.30 onwards (last orders 11.45). Average bill for two £5 10. Credit cards: Eurocard

COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

CRANKS SALAD TABLE, vegetarian, 22 Carnaby Street, W1 (GER 9431). Mon-Fri 11.30-8.30 (coffee from 10). Bill about 13s

YOUNG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT, 13-15 West Street, WC2 (TEM 2322). Open daily 12 noon – 12 midnight. Typical main dish, Chinese savoury pastries, two portions 10s-12s. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Average bill for two £5-£6. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

SIMPSONS - IN - THE - STRAND, English, 100 the Strand, WC2 (TEM 7131). Mon-Sat, 12-3, 6-10 (booking essential). Average bill for two £3 10s. Credit cards: Eurocard

NB.—Most average bills for two include a couple of cocktails

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NIGHT LIFE

London swings, doesn't it? Everywhere in this rule-stiffened metropolis the folk are swinging, skirts get shorter, conversations get hippier, morals get "Alfie-d." Our night life is no exception to this self-imposed situation. Dancing becomes a question of isolated partnership, discothèque chat has, perforce, become a series of monosyllabic shouts, the conversational drink has become a method of sustenance. Tourists tripping down the gangways into England are bursting to find our English way of night life. They have been primed by column after column telling them, in a variety of ways, that London is where it's all happening.

But has our after-dark capital been inundated in a welter of recorded sounds and instant atmosphere? Are there any far-flung outposts of the old West End glitter still surviving? Take heart, all of you with dinner-jackets crumbling on their hangers. There are such places and they look as though nothing will shift them.

Half-way up Regent Street is a doorway marked *Edmundo Ros Club*. The ambience is apparent the moment the doorman greets you, all overcoat and braid. Downstairs each and every guest is greeted by a man in a dinner-jacket. The cocktail lounge is precise, scrupulously clean and illuminated by roseate concealed lighting.

The GLC frequently dispatch would-be club owners to Edmundo Ros' club, to sample what they know to be the ultimate in kitchen hygiene.

The club itself is large by today's standards; even the ceiling is a civilised distance above the diner's heads. Of course the bandstand and stage dominate the room, and it is from there that Mr Ros has wielded his influence over his brand of customers these past 19 years. He has two orchestras, and I have no need to describe the music they play. Every table in the club displays that evocative symbol, a dim red lamp, and every table has its attendant covey of waiters. The service is beyond reproach, and so is the food.

A few weeks ago Mr Ros was in a mood to sell his club, in fact he was considering an offer of £90,000 for the place, £70,000 down and the rest over two years, while continuing to use his name. "If," reasons Mr Ros, "my name still means that much, why should I sell?" So he, and his particular style in night life, will continue.

john viner

Petula Clark makes one of her rare cabaret appearanc s in this country at the Savoy Restaurant in a season beginni g on 6 June.

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ALLEGRO, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 6767). 8.30 pm-2.30 am. Dinner £2 7s 6d. *Entertainment:* Dancing to 3 bands, cabaret, Lance Percival

ANNIE'S ROOM, 24-26 Russell Street, Covent Garden, WC2 (TEM 6100) (daytime booking COV 1931). 9 pm till 4 am. Closed Sun. Annual membership 2 guineas. Full restaurant facilities. Whisky and gin 5s. Cabaret at 11.45 and 1.30. *Entertainment:* Dancing to resident groups. Star cabaret

ASTOR, Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 2366, 43181). 10 pm-4 am. Closed Sunday. One-hour cabaret, 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. No entrance fee but minimum food charge 1 guinea. Whisky and gin 5s a measure. *Entertainment:* Two bands, cabaret till 4 June: Chris Hamilton Three, Jacqueline Moore, Franklin & His Doves; from 6 June: Leonard Weir, Judy Moxon, The Silvers

THE LATIN QUARTER, 13 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 6001). 8 pm-3 am. Floor-show at 9.30 and 12.30 am. Dinner dance and floor-show: three courses 55s, four courses 65s. *Entertainment:* Floor-show Tommy Trinder in "Beauties of The Night." The Simon Raven Group in the Van Gogh Bar

LE PRINCE, 14-16 Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 6354). Rico D'Ason's new club. Bar Lounge 6.30 pm-3.30 am. Restaurant 8 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. Floor Show at midnight. Membership 5 guineas a year. *A la carte* dinner 45s a head. Wines extra. Large menu and wine list. Very luxurious. Selected clientele. *Entertainment:* Dancing to Grisha Farfel, his trumpet and orchestra d to Lord Kitchener and his C ypso Band until 4 am. Floor Sh : 25 artistes in "Swinging Satell s of 1966"

OMAR KHAYYAM, 50 C non Street, EC4 (CIT 2660 and 363 Midday to 3 pm and 6 pm t am. No membership fee. *A la carte* menu about £2 per head plus wines. Service charge 10 pe cent. Drinks, sold by miniature, 6d. Middle Eastern and Cont ental menu with selection of 36 35 *hors d'oeuvres. Entertai ent:* Dancing 8 pm to 2 am. C baret and Belly Dancing at 9.30 p and 12. No parking problems the City at night

SAVOY RESTAURANT, S rand, WC2 (TEM 4343). 8 pm to 2 am. Cabaret at midnight. Dinner, Dance and Cabaret 52s 6d e cluding coffee and wine, or *à la carte. Entertainment:* Until 4 June: Savoy Show; from 6 June: Petula Clark

DISCOTHEQUES

CHALET SUISSE, 74 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626). 8 pm to 2 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Ladies 10s. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Swiss cuisine. Dinner approximately £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* currently, Eddie Dusham. Dancing to Do Re Mi Trio with Gwen Dolen. Blackjack, roulette. Pferdestall (downstairs), discothèque dancing

CLUB CONCORDE, 37/39 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 7945). 7.30 pm to midnight every night except Monday. Annual membership: 10s gentlemen, 5s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d to 8s 6d. No food, popular prices. *Entertainment:*

discothèque dancing, roulette.

DOLLY'S, 57 Jermyn Street, SW1 (GRO 5927). 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sunday. Annual membership 5 guineas. No entrance fee. Cover charge 25s, includes first drink. Whisky, sold by miniature, 12s. Wines 36s. Chinese food. Special breakfast from 3 pm

THE IN PLACE, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 1873). 9 pm till 4 am. Licensed to 2.30 am. Every night. Annual membership 3 guineas, 1 guinea for three months. Monday night free entrance, varies rest of the week 5s to £1. Guests extra. *Entertainment:* gambling, discothèque

THE PHONE BOOTH, 2 Allsop Place, NW1 (HUN 2989). Licensed Bar: Noon-3 pm, 6 pm-2.30 am (inc. Sun). Restaurant: 8 pm till 8.30 am. Membership 5 guineas a year or 1 guinea a month. *Entertainment:* Discothèque dancing. Gaming: Boule, chemin de fer, Blackjack, Dice. Stakes vary

SADDLE ROOM, 7 Hamilton Place, W1 (GRO 4994). 10 pm to 5 am except Sunday. Membership £1 2s 6d (membership temporarily closed). Entrance and first drink £1, subsequent drinks 3s 6d Short grills menu about 15s to £1 a head. *Entertainment:* Discothèque, dancing, 2 fruit machines

WHISKY-A-GOGO, 33/37 Wardour Street, W1 (GER 7676). 8 pm-3 am. Membership 21s men, 10s 6d ladies for 3 months. Male students 1 guinea per year. Entrance: Mon to Fri: Ladies free. Mon to Thurs: Men free. Fri 5s men. Sat 7s 6d. Sun: 4s ladies, 6s 6d men. Food: Barbecue. Drinks at normal pub prices. Licensed till 2.30 am. *Entertainment:* Roulette, dice, blackjack, Bank of Las Vegas. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £5. Discs, live groups. Weekend cabaret

DINNER & DANCE

CHANTICLEER, Robuck House, Palace Street, SW1 (VIC 5695). 6.30 pm-3 am (not Sun). Cover charge 5s. Dinner approx 30s a head plus wine. Two bands and a singer

CHELSEA GARDEN, 66 Brewer Street, W1 (GER 6500 and 8189). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* dinner approx 30s a head plus wine. Whisky and gin 3s 6d single measure. Cover charge 5s a head for dancing. No service charge. Dancing to records from 7.30 pm to 1 am. Licensed till 1 am

LA DOLCE VITA, 10 Frith Street, W1 (GER 2774). Midday-3 pm; 6 pm-1.30 am. Sun till 12.30 am. La Taverna closed Mon. *A la carte* dinner in the restaurant 15s 6d minimum. Dinner dancing in La Taverna 30s; Sat 32s 6d. *Entertainment:* Guitar, accordion music and Neapolitan singer in the main restaurant. Dancing nightly, except Mon, in La Taverna

GROSVENOR HOUSE RESTAURANT, Park Lane, W1 (GRO 6363). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 7.30 pm-1 am. Open every day. Lunch; *table d'hôte* 27s 6d. Dinner: *table d'hôte* 32s 6d. Wines from 15s to £3. Whisky 3s 3d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge on *à la carte* menu only 2s. *Entertainment:* Dancing from 8 pm-1 am, excluding Sunday, to the Sydney Lipton Band, also Los Cinco Ricardos Group

RESTAURANT SEBASTIAN, 36 High Street, Wimbledon, SW19 (WIM 6773). Open 7 days a week. Lunch, noon-3 pm. Dinner, 6.30 pm till last meal ends. Last order for meals 11.30 pm, but you must enter restaurant before 11 pm. Cover charge 2s. Approximate prices: Dinner 35s to £2 a head including wine. No service charge. Wines from £1 to 65s for a château bottle Margaux. Dancing every evening except Sunday from 8 pm to 11.30 pm to 3-piece band

RIVER CLUB, 129 Grosvenor Rd, SW1 (VIC 1621). 5.30 pm-2 am approx. 8 guineas London member, 5 guineas provincial member, 10s 6d cover charge. 42s 6d set dinner. Resident Calypso band. Roof garden with bar and Casino on ground floor

ROYAL GARDEN HOTEL, Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 8000). Royal Roof Restaurant: Cocktails 7.30 pm. Dinner 8.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. Minimum charge for dinner £2 but more likely to be £5 to £6 a head plus wine; 10 per cent. service charge. All drinks at the bar 10s. Dancing to three-piece band, and violinists serenade you as you eat. Superb view. The Garden Room: 12.30-3 pm, lunch from 25s. 6.30 pm-11 pm, four-course dinner from 35s plus wine. Service charge 10 per cent. (no dancing). Bulldog Bar; and Chophouse: 12.30-3 pm. From 12s 6d grills, cold counter from 12s 6d. Dinner: 6.30-11 pm, same prices (no dancing). Maze Coffee House: Open 24 hrs a day for residents only 2-6 am. Licensed to 2 am (no dancing)

GAMING

CROCKFORDS, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (930-2721). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 a 100; poker 5 pm, 10s-£4 a game; roulette 5 pm, 2s 6d min, £100 max, even chances, £5 on a number; Kalooki 8 pm; chemin de fer 9 pm; blackjack 10 pm. Closes when play ends. Membership 8 guineas. Out-of-town residents 4 guineas, overseas members 3 guineas. Restaurant and bar

FIVE HUNDRED SPORTING CLUB, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). Open 24 hours. Membership 1 guinea. Luxurious intimate atmosphere. French roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, poker. Stakes vary from 2s 6d to £50. Racing facilities. Restaurant for inexpensive meals. Licensed till midnight

NEW CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer. Craps table. Minimum stake about 10s

QUENTS, 22 Hill Street, W1 (HYD 7766). 6.30 pm onwards. Inclusive membership 2 guineas a year. Baccarat, roulette, blackjack, craps. Billiard room. Minimum stakes vary from game to game, 2s 6d-£2. Bar and restaurant

SPORTING CLUB KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 163 Knightsbridge, SW7 (KNI 4252). Club opens 2 pm and closes normally at 3 am but may be later, depending on state of play. Bar has normal licensing hours. Membership 3 guineas a year. Sundays an inclusive charge of £1 for champagne buffet; all buffet tickets sold are eligible for raffle for prize to the value of £100 the same night. Blackjack 10s-£50, chemin de fer, table charge £3, maximum opening bank £15, maximum bank £200. American roulette, min stake 2s, max £50. American dice, min £1, max £50. Baccarat, min £2, max £250; à Cheval £500. Roulette 2s-£100. Restaurant opens 7 pm, breakfast from 1 am. Lunch 12.30-3 (bar open) 21s for three-course Businessman's lunch inc wine

BALLET

Given its first performance by the Royal Ballet on 19 May, Kenneth MacMillan's *Song of the Earth* (to Mahler's *Symphony for Tenor and Alto Voices and Orchestra*) was originally created for the Württembergische Staatstheater Ballet last November, with Marcia Haydée in the principal role.

Although the 55-minute production is, in places, noticeably derivative of many styles and influences, it is essentially an important, "big" ballet . . . big in scope, inventiveness, vocabulary and, not least, big in opportunities for several of the interpreters. Throughout, MacMillan has introduced a number of "leitmotifs," such as the pseudo-Chinese hand and finger movements in certain *Songs,* and the gawky Grahamesque "relaxations" (when the dancers' bodies seemingly fall or hang limply), with feet parallel and occasionally turned-in.

Jetés and elevation work come fast and frequent, recalling *Brandenburg Nos. 2 & 4*; gimmickry is present but restrained (risky spins by Haydée on to MacLeary's shoulder in the Fifth Song, Jennifer Penney being passed airborne from partner to partner (Third Song), and so on); and virtuoso opportunities have been equally divided between the male and female dancers.

Anthony Dowell's masked Messenger of Death stands out for its quiet, menacing presence; Kenneth Mason is notable throughout the ballet for the sheer vigour and excitement he puts into every movement, while Georgina Parkinson provides some exquisite moments in her typically "cool," distant way. And in the Third Song, Jennifer Penney scored a particular success in this, her first self-created soloist role.

MacMillan's *pas de deux* are always beautifully conceived – but then they are always so similar. His recent ballet for Lynn Seymour and Desmond Doyle on BBC-TV's *Zodiac* seemed to derive emotionally and technically from the big balcony scene in his *Romeo and Juliet* . . . and so does the Sixth Song *pas de deux* for Haydée and MacLeary, both of whom brought great authority to the ballet. Yet Miss Haydée, the 27-year-old Brazilian dancer on leave from Cranko's Stuttgart company, adds a certain aloof poignancy that may prove difficult to emulate.

ian woodward

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GOOD DRINKING

"Freedom and whisky go together." A commendable sentiment, and a quote to be treasured by lovers of the deep amber fluid. Sad it is, therefore, to consider the strictures placed on it. For years, Scotch whisky has been our most consistently increasing export, and the foreign currency it brings in more than covers our payments for all imports to Britain of foreign spirits and wines.

Yet the cost to consumers here is ludicrously high, because of the crippling duty rate. This covers almost two-thirds of the cost of a bottle. Generally, most Scotch blends sell at 48s a bottle, of which duty amounts to 34s.

The real cost of a bottle is only 14s 5d. This includes the manufacture and storage, advertising, transport, selling, administration expenses and wholesale and retail profits. The Government really is collecting financially, on what really is a huge scale. And there is little consolation in the thought that, if Chancellor Callaghan enjoys a Scotch after a hard day, this must pain him as much as anyone.

M and Mme Mercier, of Champagne Mercier, will play host and hostess to a party of Londoners at their chateau and vineyard at Epernay from 16-18 June.

The Scotch Whisky Association tell me that, since the war, Scotch has been our most consistent dollar-earning export – and, in fact, for several years, the largest. They point out that cars, aircraft and machinery have each had their good and bad years. But exports of Scotch, they say, have increased every year.

In 1955, we exported £23,412,936 worth of Scotch to America, and £43,636,316 to all overseas markets. Last year, the comparative figures were £54,280,000 worth to America, with all overseas markets receiving whisky to the tune of £107,583,000.

In recent years, the 100-plus main brands have been shipped abroad to over 160 different countries.

Despite its obvious success, Scotch is not, to any degree, protected against competition from spirits produced abroad, even where the countries involved discriminate against imports of whisky. The heavy duty levied on it puts competing foreign wines, particularly port and sherry, in a strong position.

Scotch, I am told, is taxed four times more heavily than claret, and 50 per cent. more than port, sherry or champagne.

john mcleod

Mrs F G Robertson, wife of the landlord of The Bedford in Pont Street, which has a restaurant and snack bar.

THE BEDFORD, 9 Pont Street, Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 4722. When you walk in, you almost reach for your invitation card, as your eyes survey the ranks of Diplomatic Corps people drinking in the Edwardian bars. They move elegantly in, come evening, from the abundant embassies in the area. Aligning with them in savouring the discreetly impressive atmosphere are the occasional peer, architect, accountant, industrialist, antique dealer and interior decorator. Yet there is no exclusive club touch, and any itinerant drinker will find the welcome warm. Full restaurant service lunchtime, and an ever-so-tempting snack bar

THE WHITE HORSE, 16 Newburgh Street, W1. GER 3134. Off Great Marlborough Street, and tucked behind the elegant sweep of Regent Street shops and stores. Quiet, yet busy, little tavern. The landlord, a former detective, is helpful and genial, and attracts a wide cross-section of drinkers. Among them are the sleeky-dressed, impressive-looking policemen one finds stationed at West End Central in nearby Savile Row. An interesting pub, with interesting people

THE ANCHOR, Bankside, SE1. HOP 1577. Oh-so-ancient and fascinating waterfront tavern, with shades of Johnson . . . and the conglomeration of carousing tipplers who frequented the place in the days of the first Elizabeth. They have a Dr Johnson bar and a lovely, timbered, candle-lit restaurant. Somehow or other it attracts many visitors without appearing blatantly touristy

THE STAR AND GARTER, 2 New Bridge Road, Chiswick, W4. CHI 1262. Big, rambling house, with bar leading into bar, an excellent restaurant and bar counter quality food service. One-time coaching house, it rears solidly up at one end of Kew Bridge. Instant welcome, speedy service, leisurely air that induces one to linger longer than intended

COACH AND HORSES, 443 Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, SW9. BRI 5356. I remember the day West Indian landlord George Berry first took over here. George was the first – and still probably the only – coloured licensee in London, and he was teeming with ideas. I called recently, and found they have materialised beautifully. The pub stands in the middle of the market area, and traders and passers-by have been held by the warmth of the place, the service and the plasant surroundings

THE QUILL, 22 Charlwood Road, Putney, SW15. PUT 4389. It's acceptably modern, and hasn't been "tarted up" overmuch. Contemporary decoration and lighting, but traditional outlook, welcome and service. There is a two-entrance cocktail bar, with lounge-dining section adjoining. Food tempting

DISCS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Aftermath, Rolling Stones (Decca. LK 4786). 2 Animalisms, the Animals (Columbia. SX 6035). 3 Jazz Couriers, Ronnie Scott, etc (Music For Pleasure. MFP 1072). 4 Mann Made, Manfred Mann (HMV. CLP 1911). 5 Man From Monterey, Dizzy Gillespie/Gil Fuller (Fontana. 688 147ZL).

While record companies, music publishers, fan magazines and TV programmes are sitting there rubbing their wounds and wondering what happened to their pop audience, the answer is staring them in the face: the audience is listening to Radios London, Caroline, City, Scotland, *et al.*

A recent National Opinion Poll (commissioned by Radio London, and using a "systematic probability sample"), found that within the previous week 36.2 per cent of all adults had listened to one of the pirate stations during the previous week. Now, however much the pirates claim that these figures are spreading the gospel of pop to a wider audience, there seems to me a pretty strong case that free pop 24 hours a day is driving the buyers away.

Nevertheless, it's difficult to do anything but admire the professionalism on which, say, Radio London – the biggest and hippiest of the pirates – is based. Their credo is summed up by Philip Birch, managing director: "We decided right from the start that what was *not* wanted was a

EMI's 12s 6d Music For Pleasure LP series is now expected to sell 5,000,000 a year instead of 3,000,000 planned for.

station which sounded like an uncle playing his home tape-recorder.

"We had an expensive sound console, pre-recorded jingles, a powerful transmitter, that sort of thing. We also knew that the way to a mass market was through the teenagers, and we knew that once a record is in the music papers' top 10 it's often dead as far as the kids are concerned. So we went flat out to be the first to play a record, the first to predict its success.

"Following on from this, we decided we'd never have packaged shows from the record companies. There's too much rubbish among the records, and to fit them all in they cut them short. We'll take a packaged show, but only if it's based on the records we've selected."

Of course, now that the threat of Government action against the pirates has receded to the horizon, all the ships are trying desperately to become respectable, with land-based promotions that are in themselves completely legal.

But whatever the future, the immediate challenge is clear; unless their older-established rivals put some of the slickness and pep of the pirates into their own products, they're on the losing side.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY ANNE NIGHTINGALE

TV girl Anne Nightingale has been working as a journalist for eight years and writing a record column for five, but calls herself a Do Everything Girl. Anne has worked for the last three years in television and has starred in her own Rediffusion series "That's For Me" and also "Sing A Song of Sixpence." Other TV work has included appearances on "A Whole Scene Going." She has written a book called "How To Run A Beat Group" in which she collaborated with The Hollies: at one time she part-managed her own pop group. She now runs two fashion boutiques called Snob in Brighton (where she lives) and at Worthing. Currently she is commering her own weekly BBC radio series "Melody Fare."

Patterns. The Modern Jazz Quartet. (EMI 1111)
Skating In Central Park. No Happiness for Slater. A Social Call. Cue No 9. A Cold Wind is Blowing. Odds Against Tomorrow
This is how I like my jazz. Easy, simple to listen to, and very beautiful. There's a formality to their music which people seem to mistake for stuffiness, but I don't find them at all high-brow. All the tracks are inspiring, and full of serenity

Blues Cross Country. Peggy Lee. (Capitol. ST 1671)
Kansas City. Basin Street Blues. Los Angeles Blues. I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City. The Grain Belt Blues. New York City Blues. Goin' to Chicago Blues. San Francisco Blues. Fishermans Wharf. Boston Beans. The Train Blues. St Louis Blues
This her most swinging music, probably because the big backing is arranged by Quincy Jones! I wish Peggy Lee did more growly blues stuff like the tracks here. Her phrasing all the way through is incredible, and unlike many all blues LPs, it never becomes boring to listen to

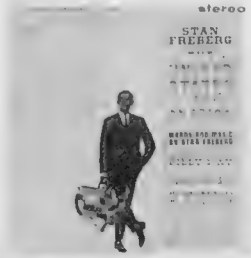
The United States of America. Stan Freberg. (Capitol. SW 1573)
Overture. It's a Round, Round World. Take an Indian to Lunch This Week. Under the Double Turkey. Top Hat, White Feather, and Tails. The Boston Tea Party. A Man Can't Be Too Careful What He Signs These Days. Everybody Wants To Be An Art Director. Command Decision. Yankee Doodle Go Home. The Battle of Yorktown. Finale
One of my most treasured albums. Maybe one of the only satirical revues specially created for records. It's a send up of the history of the United States, and the songs, dialogue and Freberg's voice are all incredibly funny. You have to know your American history fairly well to appreciate all the gags, but the ideas behind the sketches are marvellous. Freberg's version of how Columbus discovered America, It's a Round Round World, the way Manhattan was sold by a con trick for 24 dollars' worth of junk jewellery, and his version of what the Boston Tea Party was really all about, are all brilliant.

I'm A Loner. Shawn Phillips. (EMI 33S 1748)
I'm a Loner. I'm Tired. Little Tin Soldier. Pride of Man. It Was a Very Good Year. My Favourite Things. Hey Nelly Nelly. The Hills of Shiloh. The Bells. Solitude. Nobody Listens. You've Heard My Voice
One of the few folk singers I go mad about. Shawn's just a boy with a beautiful clear voice and a 12-string guitar – that's all the accompaniment he needs. He comes from Texas but never got discovered till he came to England. Hardly anyone's heard of him because of the work permit hang-ups he suffered. But he's made some fantastic recordings, and this LP hears him at his best. It's his straightforward simplicity that I like

The Very Best Of The Everly Brothers. (Pye W 1554)
Bye Bye, Love. I Kissed You. Wake Up, Little Susie. Crying in the Rain. Walk Right Back. Cathy's Clown. Bird Dog. All I Have To Do is Dream. Devoted to You. Lucille. So Sad. Ebony Eyes
Nostalgia! Every track means a party I was at, or an old boyfriend! Don and Phil Everly were about the best of their era when these songs were hits. It's great to get so many favourites on one piece of plastic

Mr Tambourine Man. The Byrds. (CBS BPG 62571)
Mr Tambourine Man. I'll Feel a Whole Lot Better. Spanish Harlem Incident. You Won't Have to Cry. Here Without You. The Bells of Rymney. All I Really Want To Do. I Knew I'd Want You. It's No Use. Don't Doubt Yourself, Babe. Chimes of Freedom. We'll Meet Again
Britain has put The Byrds down and the so-called In-Crowd put them out – which makes me mad! They are probably the only post-Beatles group anywhere in the world to create their own new sound, and now everyone is cashing in on their success in America. They have an emotional appeal which is impossible to analyse, sort of sad, but always with pace.

Quincy's Got A Brand New Bag. Quincy Jones. (Mercury 125 996)
Ain't That Peculiar. I Got You. I Hear a Symphony. A Lover's Concerto. Baby Cakes. Mohair Sam. Something About You. Boss Bird. Hang On Sloopy. Fever. Harlem Nocturne. Papa's Got a Brand New Bag
Quincy is the greatest big band arranger in the world as far as I'm concerned. He also manages to be hip and destroys all those fallacies that big bands are by nature square. All the tracks on here are his interpretations of pop hits, and every one is a knock out

Monster. The Incredible Jimmy Smith. (Verve. SVLP 9093)
Goldfinger. St James Infirmary. Gloomy Sunday. Theme from Bewitched. Theme from The Munsters. Man With The Golden Arm. The Creeper. Monlope
A terrific sleeve design, and it's a great idea to incorporate a theme of all the horror music on one LP. I think Jimmy Smith is the greatest jazz organist I've heard. I don't personally go for intellectually "difficult" jazz, but anyone ought to be able to dig this music.

TELEVISION

FIRST FIVE: 1 A Laugh at the Dark Question, play (11 June, ITV, 10.15 pm). 2 The Lost Weekend, film (12 June, BBC-1, 7.25 pm). 3 The Searchers, Western film (12 June, ITV, 9.25 pm). 4 Comedy Playhouse (14 June, BBC-1, 7.25 pm). 5 Petula Clark with Continental guests (16 June, BBC-1, 9 pm).

A disbarred barrister who gains people's confidence as a business consultant and then sneaks on them to the police, is not – at first, or even second glance – a particularly engaging character. Yet such a man is the hero of a new ITV series.

The Informer, with Ian Hendry doing the informing, is in production at the moment and reaches the screen in late summer or early autumn this year. Most viewers are likely to greet the venture with a deep, at-least-it-isn't-spies sigh of relief; a smaller group of professional watchers will be taking sharper interest.

The reasons for this are deep and rather "in." For a start, *The Informer* is the first series to speak for Cyril Bennett, Rediffusion's new Director of Programmes. Other projects were in the pipeline, or at least being mooted, when he took over a few months ago.

And Bennett, 37, a bulky, smooth, pleasant career man who came up through the ranks at Rediffusion to win a place on the board, is anxious to alter the company's image.

Clive Exton, one of television's top playwrights, has adapted "The Murderer," first of a new BBC series of non-Maigret Simenon stories which start next week.

Whatever happens to *The Informer*, a lot of the praise – and certainly all the blame – will rest on his wide, well-tailored shoulders.

In a new society which worships photographers and reaches more than religious frenzy over professional footballers and almost professional singers, Rediffusion's QC turned copper's nark appears to be an inevitable development. Actually, the ploy is a clever way of having a thriller without dragging in the obligatory secret agent or conventional detective.

It is worth mentioning that *The Informer* has been given an initial run of only eight weeks, whereas most series can look forward to 13 or 26 weeks. The brief span was dictated by the programme's original role, as a bridging piece between two other established series, *No Hiding Place* and *The Rat Catchers*. This gives the makers a fringe benefit: the chance to drop it, swiftly and without headlines, if the need arises. A number of television men hope that the need will *not* arise.

Mr Bennett can soothe himself with one tiny bit of ephemeral history. Ian Hendry's last series started quietly, then ran for years, turning into a cult. That programme was a little thing called *The Avengers*.

peter magnus

Don Borisenko as Peter Virtanen in episode three of "Death is a Good Living", which can be seen on BBC-2, on Sunday 5 June.

WEEKEND VIEWING

SATURDAY 4 JUNE

Grandstand: Coverage of the first test match. MCC v West Indies at Old Trafford; golf from Wentworth, Daks tournament; racing from Haydock Park; Northern tennis championships from Didsbury. BBC-1

Juke Box Jury: Panel includes Petula Clark, Eric Burden (of the Animals) and Billy Walker. BBC-1

Quick Before They Catch Us: Start of a new adventure called The Tungsten Ring, written by Margo Bennett. It is an adventure of industrial espionage and involves a plan to blow up a North Sea oil rig. BBC-1

Evening Western: *The Restless Breed* with Scott Brady and Anne Bancroft. Produced in 1957. Milch Baker is a young lawyer who arrives in Mission, Texas, where he meets Angelita, the beautiful half-breed girl lodging with the Rev Simmons. Milch plans to avenge the murderer of his father, however. BBC-1

Not Only . . . But Also with Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. Guest star is Dionne Warwick. BBC-1

American film series: *Arrest and Trial* (repeat from BBC-2). 75 minutes devoted to crime, capture and trial by American law. BBC-1

Afternoon film: *The Island*, a Japanese film without words. The director, Kaneto Shundo, with natural sounds and expert photography tells the story of a family struggling to exist on a waterless island rising from an inland sea. BBC-2

Second episode of *The Brothers Karamazov*. BBC-2

Whicker's World: *Somebody's Come out of the Night to Help.* Alan Whicker looks at the isolated lives of alcoholics, neurotics and attempted suicides, and describes some of the problems facing the Welfare Organisation. He illustrates the workings of the anonymous societies designed to help compulsive gamblers and drug addicts. BBC-2

The Likely Lads is the first of eight instalments with Rodney Bewes and James Bolam. A comedy series showing the adventures of two lads in a northern town. BBC-2

Grandstand: Show jumping from Shepton Mallet, Somerset; racing from Lingfield; athletics from Wolverhampton; racing from Catterick; professional wrestling from Bedford. ITV, 1.05

Evening film: *Patterns of Power* with Van Heflin tells the story of the jungle warfare behind the struggle for power in big business. ITV, 7.10

Frankie Vaughan Show: Guest stars are the Kaye Sisters, Calum Kennedy and Derek Dene. ITV, 8.35

Knock on Any Door: *The Dear Ones* with Brenda Bruce, John Laurie, Agnes Lauchlan and Renée Houston. Why does Marion Scullar give up the house she has lived in for 40 years to go and live in an old people's home? ITV, 10.20

A Date With . . . The King Brothers. ITV, 11.50

SUNDAY 5 JUNE

Afternoon film: *The Far Horizons* with Charlton Heston and Fred MacMurray. BBC-1

Meeting Point: Billy Graham appears with David Frost. BBC-1

Black & White Minstrel Show: A special gala edition to celebrate 85 television editions and the last of the present series. Special guests include Leslie Crowther, Kenneth Connor, George Chisholm, Benny Garcia and Valerie Brooks. BBC-1

Sunday Night: Second part of *Mexico, Mexico*. BBC-1

Cavaliers XI against Glamorgan XI from Swansea. BBC-2

Footprints: Last of four programmes. This week – Charlotte Brontë is the subject of *A Singularly Plain Woman*, narrated by Alan Dobie, with Gwen Watford as Charlotte. Billie Whitelaw plays Emily and Alethea Charlton is Anne Brontë. The film is made on location in and around Haworth, Yorks, home of the Brontë family. BBC-2

Theatre 625: *Up and Down*. Stars George Baker, Ann Lynn and Bernard Archard. A period piece about a mill owner whose bored and attractive wife has her eye on a young man at the mill. BBC-2

Tempo International: Takes a look at *Private Eye* and *Le Canard Enchaine*, two satirical magazines. How successful are they in their aims to puncture the establishment and politics? ITV, 2.20

Thank Your Lucky Stars: Freddie and the Dreamers, Kenn Dodd, Chris Andrews and the Luvvers. ITV, 3.35

Afternoon film: *The Horn Blows at Midnight* with Jack Benny and Alexis Smith. Lulled to sleep by the smooth tones of a radio announcer, a second-rate trumpeter in the studio orchestra has a strange dream. ITV, 4.05

Evening film: *Edward My Son* with Spencer Tracy and Deborah Kerr. The birth of their son has an increasingly complex and involved effect on the marriage of Arnold and Evelyn Boult; a strange effect that can only end in disaster. ITV, 9.25

SPORT

"Most girls start playing cricket with their brothers," observed Lt-Gen Sir Oliver Leese at a lunch at the Hurlingham Club recently. Sir Oliver is President of the MCC, so he should know. And, in fact, if you talk to England's women cricketers, that is just how they all start. But ever after most of them, if indeed they continue cricket, keep quiet about it.

"It's the Amazon thing," explained Rachel Heyhoe, who captains England, and is a reporter on a Wolverhampton paper. She was wearing a very feminine suit and a straw Breton hat. In fact she did not look like England's captain. Quite what one expects this captain to look like I'm not willing to commit to print, but Miss Heyhoe is certainly the sort of girl you'd ask to dance. And the dance would not necessarily be at the local tennis club. In fact she has a boy friend who also plays cricket: "It's quite dodgy on a Saturday if we're both playing and I score more runs than he does," she says. She is an all-rounder. She is not quick to tell her friends she plays

Walton-on-Thames regatta goes on all day on Saturday.

cricket, let alone captain her country. For example, most weeks during the soccer season she reports on Wolves. "I know most of the team but I've never told them about this cricket thing."

Rosemary White is another member of the quiet cricket movement. She works in a London office and takes most Wednesday afternoons off in lieu of her holidays to play cricket. Men, she admits, scoff at women cricketers before they see them play. Afterwards, they admire them.

Molly Gilbert plays for one of London's leading sides, *The Redoubtables*. They play most Saturdays and Sundays at Wallington. What worries her are not the scoffers – the game breeds a certain suffragette crusading spirit towards them – but the facilities. Men do not like women playing cricket. They do not like sharing their grounds with them either and when Bedford College took in male as well as female students women cricketers lost another ground. Now they would like the Minister for Sport to find them some more grounds.

Molly Bloom echoes the words of Sir Leary Constantine in his book *The Changing Face of Cricket*. "County cricket these days is very defensive. The cause is professionalism. Women's cricket is amateur. Most matches take only a day. Their pledge is attack. It's far more fun than the men's game."

michael wale

Speedway skippers: Olle Nygren (Wimbledon) leads Ken McKinlay, his West Ham counterpart.

FLAT RACING
Lingfield Park. Fri, Sat 2 pm. (Trains from Victoria to course, 55 mins.) This course's telegraphic address of Lovely Lingfield can be taken literally. One of Britain's most pleasant country courses. Good restaurant.
Folkestone. Mon 2 pm. (Trains from Charing Cross or Victoria to Westenhanger station next to course, 1 hr 20 mins. By car take A20 from London to Folkestone)
Alexandra Park. Tues 6.45 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Finsbury Park then bus 212). Nearest course to centre of London, provides after-work racing
Brighton. Wed, Thurs. Evening meeting. (Trains from Victoria and London Bridge to Brighton take 1 hr, then special buses to course. By car take A23 from London)

CRICKET
Middlesex v Yorkshire. Sat, Mon, Tues. Lord's. St John's Wood. 11.30 am each day. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood. Buses 2, 2a, 13, 59a, 74, 74a, 74b, 113, 159, 187)
Middlesex v Somerset. Wed, Thurs. Lord's. St John's Wood. 11.30 am
Surrey v Kent. Wed, Thurs. The Oval. 11.30 am each day. (Northern Line to Oval)

WOMEN'S CRICKET
South v East. Griffin Brewery Ground, Chiswick. Sat 11.30 am. (District Line to Turnham Green)
Redoubtables v Riverside. Sat. 2.30 pm. Palewell Common. (District Line to Putney Bridge then bus 37)
Redoubtables v Wagtails. Sun 2.30 pm. Beddington Park, Wallington. (Train from Victoria to Hackbridge. Buses: 403, 408, 470. Green Line coach 725)

GREYHOUND RACING
Big races of the week:
Walthamstow. Sat. 7.45 pm. Final of £1,200 Grand Prix. 700 yards. Good restaurant. Bookings: LAR 2252. (Central Line to Leyton, or buses 34, 58, 144 to Crooked Billet). Closed-circuit television
Wembley. Mon 7.45 pm (also Fri 7.45 pm). Wembley Gold Cup heats. 700 yards. Good restaurant and cocktail bar. Bookings: WEM 1234. (Bakerloo Line or Metropolitan Line to Wembley Park)

HORSE SHOW
Richmond Royal. Athletic Ground, Richmond. Thurs 10 am. (District Line to Richmond, turn right outside station, five-minute walk to ground. Or train from Waterloo to Richmond). Opening day of three-day show. Leading British show-jumping personalities taking part. Catering facilities. Car park 5s

TENNIS
Kent grass court championships at Beckenham. Mon and all week. 1.45 pm each day. Considered to be prelude to Wimbledon. Catering facilities. (Trains from Victoria to Beckenham Junction)

ATHLETICS
Southern Women's championships. Sat 11 am. Polytechnic Stadium, Chiswick. (Train Waterloo to Chiswick)
Crystal Palace National Recreation Centre. Wed 7 pm. London AC v Loughborough College "A" v Birmingham University

SWIMMING
Southern Counties ASA championships. Crystal Palace National Recreation Centre. Sat 2 and 6.30 pm

KART RACING
Brands Hatch. Sun 2.30 pm. National kart races. (Trains from Victoria to Swanley. By car take A20 out of London)

SPEEDWAY
Hackney v Wimbledon. Hackney Stadium. Fri 8 pm. (Buses: 6, 6a, 6b, 30, 178 to Hackney Wick. Bus 236 express from Leyton Town Hall, Hackney Wick and Stratford Broadway)
Wimbledon v Wolverhampton. Wimbledon. Sat 7.45 pm. (District Line to Wimbledon then special buses)
Rye House v London Select. Rye House. Sun 4.15 pm. (Trains from Liverpool Street to Rye House)
West Ham v Exeter. West Ham. Tues. (District Line to Plaistow then bus)

LONDON AT LUNCH

THURSDAY 2 JUNE
Band of the Irish Guards. On the steps of St Paul's Cathedral. 12.0
Keith Johnstone – clowning. 5s with snack lunch, baby-sitting 1s 6d
Theatrescope, Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane. 12.15 & 1.15
Royal Artillery Mounted Band. Victoria Embankment Gardens. 12.30
Films: *A New Day in Samoa* & *Beauty in Trust* (UK). Commonwealth Institute. 12.30 & 1.15
Alamein Band, Royal Tank Regiment. Lincoln's Inn Fields. 12.30
Recital: Monica Watson and Elizabeth James, piano duets. St Botolph, Bishopsgate. 1.10

FRIDAY 3 JUNE
Address by a speaker from the Billy Graham Crusade. St Peter-upon-Cornhill. 12.5 & 1.5
Keith Johnstone – clowning. 5s with snack lunch, baby-sitting 1s 6d
Theatrescope, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane. 12.15 & 1.15
Royal Artillery Mounted Band. Victoria Embankment Gardens. 12.30
Recital: Joan Dorrell, mezzo-soprano, Neville Eason, piano. St Stephen, Walbrook. 12.30
Pop Fashion Concert – clothes supplied by Biba's Postal Boutique, revue and models by RADA. Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn. 12.45
Records by Walton, Vaughan Williams. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn. 1.15

MONDAY 6 JUNE
Play: *Death Watch.* 5s with snack lunch, baby-sitting 1s 6d. **Theatrescope,** Little Theatre, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane. 12.15 & 1.15. (Also on T 7 & W 8 June)
Royal Signals Band. Victoria Embankment Gardens. 12.30
Lecture: Egyptian Book of the Dead. British Museum. 1.0

TUESDAY 7 JUNE
Royal Signals Band. Victoria Embankment Gardens. 12.30
Romeo Berti's Medvedeff Balalaika Orchestra. Lincoln's Inn Fields. 12.30
Recital: William Tubbs, organ. St Margaret, Lothbury. 1.0
Dialogue between Sir Basil Spence and the Rector. St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5
Lecture: From Bus Inspector to Parson. Rev T Field. St Margaret Pattens, Eastcheap. 1.10
Address by a Speaker from the Billy Graham Crusade. All Hallows Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower. 1.10
Records by Roussel and Elgar. Holy Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct. 1.15

WEDNESDAY 8 JUNE
Lecture: Sweden in the Dark Ages (Special Exhibition). British Museum. 1.0
Recital: Margaret Cobb, organ. St Lawrence Jewry-next-Guildhall. 1.0
Recital: John Davenport, organ. St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5
Lecture: Art and Industry, Suzanne Lodge. Victoria & Albert Museum. 1.15

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and indicates the Roman and medieval remains beneath the hurrying feet

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in a series of pages showing the coolest dresses, the coolest accessories and the coolest places to be
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a complete guide to London's entertainment scene and commentaries on all aspects of good living

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PROPERTY

High density living, residential "zones," rigorous economy of acreage, communal garages and gardens, mean towering 20-storey blocks, side-by-side, 200 feet high and each constituting 100 flats. The taller and closer, the better; the more compact and easy to run, the better. When 500 flats have to be erected on 12 acres, these factors soon become apparent. Each tenant shares his garden, garage and children's playground with his neighbours above, below and beside him. But then this *is* a council estate in a highly expensive and concentrated part of Hampstead. John Laing are well under way with the first phase of a long-term scheme to redevelop Abbey Estate, NW6, for the London Borough of Camden. The first two blocks provide 100 flats, all public services – libraries, launderettes and food shops – and forms part of the council "township," completely self-contained, in a favoured residential district of London.

Hedsor Park, 400 feet above sea-level.

An old mill house by a stream in Kings Worthy, Hamp[illegible]ire.

Multi-storey flats rise ever higher at the Abbey Estate, Hampstead.

US Base

Hedsor Park, adjoining Lord Astor's estate, Cliveden, and Lord Kemsley's property, Dropmore, has not reached the hands of an estate agent yet, but Mrs F Shephard is selling the freehold on her 60-roomed Georgian-style house in Buckinghamshire, 3½ miles from the M4 and 15 minutes from London Airport. Since 1952 it has housed the United States Air Force, who spent £25,000 on modernising and adapting the house for use as administrative offices. Apart from about 20,000 sq ft of office accommodation, there are four self-contained flats above the eight garages and 12 acres of surrounding garden. The house was built in 1860; Mr D'Arcy Baker bought it in 1930 and spent £150,000 on installing marble bathrooms and general modernisation. Mrs Shephard's father-in-law acquired it in 1934. It was used as the family residence until 1952, when it was let to the US Government. So anyone interested in moving offices into real countryside and providing their employees with good clean country air during their lunch-hour could contact Mr A Shephard (WEL 2225) for further details.

The village of Bray, Maidenhead, is well-known for such landmarks as Monkey Island and the Hind's Head Hotel as well as for its appealing position by the Thames, close to the M4. Houses, therefore, are practically impossible to come by anywhere in that neighbourhood, but a private estate of 14 houses and 48 flats in Monkey Island Lane has recently come on to the market. In approximately five acres of tidy, landscaped garden, "Braybank" has its own river frontage, landing stage and slipway, to be shared, of course, by the other occupants of the estate. Community living again, but at least you have the illusion of possessing your own "place in the country." The three-bedroomed houses are for sale on a 99-year lease from £9,000 to £10,150 and the flats from about £8,500. Estate agents are Giddy & Giddy (Maidenhead 22131) and Tufnell & Partners (Maidenhead 21251).

For the fishing enthusiast with a large family, Knight, Frank & Rutley are handling the auction of an old mill house on one of the main trout streams in the country. The River Itchen runs through 1,200 yards of garden attached to Fulling Mill, Kings Worthy, Hampshire, securing double-bank fishing rights for the future owner. It's a low-built family house with six bedrooms and oil-fired central heating. There is a big garden with duck ponds, miniature bridges and several sluices (it was originally a mill).

fiona bird

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PERSONAL *continued*

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London Letters

Covent Garden

I am glad to see that people are beginning to appreciate what I consider to be the best area in London to live in – Covent Garden.

More and more people, especially theatrical folk, are searching for flats here and I wonder why they avoided it before. Covent Garden may not be a chic part of London but it is the swingiest and what's more it's cheap.

For those who think there are offices only I would like to say that I live above a warehouse and there are a lot more warehouses with flats on top.

When I leave the theatre in the evening I stroll home while the rest of the cast search frantically for taxis or dive for the tube.

If the idea catches on, Covent Garden may well become another Chelsea.

Bernard Sharpe,
Neal St, WC2

Polluted?

When will Londoners take advantage of their most impressive artery, The River Thames? We have no pleasure boats comparable to those in Paris and there are lamentably few restaurants and pubs overlooking the river. Maybe this is because it is so polluted that there are not even any fish to catch. Is there no way of cleaning it up so that people might be encouraged to use it?

John Hargrave,
London, SW7

Foreign drivers

I discovered when I was informed by a policeman who stopped me this week, that my French driving licence would be no good to me if I stayed in this country a year. I would have to pass an English driving test, or go back to France for a couple of months before starting another year on my present licence.

I am surprised you allow us to spend a year on the roads before reassuring yourselves that we actually can drive. Surely if one country considers a driver deserves a licence, it should be valid everywhere, or if another country is a little wary, they should make foreigners pass a test immediately, rather than take the risk of their causing havoc on the roads for a year.

Jacqueline Sautrell,
London, SW15

Two-way

The two-way speaker system employed by most up-to-date rail ticket offices could well be adapted to make the journey of the London taxi user less bruising.

I am constantly hurled into the partition while balancing on the edge of the back seat, trying desperately to hear what the driver is mumbling about his brother's goitre.

As it would be surrendering to the entire case history of his family to sit on the folding seat up against his ear may I ask for a two-way amplifier system to be installed in our cabs. Who knows, on a long journey I might be able to get the story of my operation.

Don Roberts,
London, EC4

Worlds apart

Chancery Lane tube station is 100 yards from Chancery Lane: Charing Cross is a long walk from Charing Cross (The Strand is in fact there): what with Bond Street, Tooting Bec, the well-known reversal of Bayswater (in Queensway) and Queensway (in Bayswater Road), St James's and the Exhibition Road booby-trap labelled South Kensington – London Transport seem to have a penchant for misleading the traveller. If they won't do something about it, will you please publish a Tube Map with *real* names on it? Heaven help the visitor who thinks that buying a ticket to Mansion House gets him anywhere near a building called the Mansion House.

Daniel Pratt,
SW4

Trendy?

One night last week I saw two perfectly groomed City gentlemen near Paddington Station: they had bowlers, striped trousers, briefcases, brollies. The only thing was, they both had the tails of their shirts hanging out, and, what's more, gave them an occasional tug as if to make sure they stayed out. Is this just a new twist on the "I'll be wearing a red carnation" device for meeting strangers, or am I missing out on a new trend?

Yes, it is true, and I do want to know.

Rupert Catling,
London, W2

British to the core?

With reference to David Wynne - Morgan's article "Britons (and their Birds) Take Over," I had the experience of being confronted with that splendiferous apparition. "Commander Whitehead" here in London.

Regarding D W-M's comments on the "London look," I am moved by this experience to remark that "The Commander" was turned out in a state which could *only* pass for British in America. There he was, big as life, on Tuesday, 24 May outside Schweppes House in Connaught Street – silver-Bentley, cum-tropic-beige - suit - cum - grizzled - moustaches – the apotheosis of all the misapplications of things – British with which the New York consumer is currently being given the treatment by its own Madison Avenue.

Giles Hamilton,
Chelsea, W3

Way-out

Is mine the only copy of *London Life* to be sold outside central London, or is it just that you only get letters from people in W1, WC2, SW1 and SW3? I have yet to see an address on your letters page from SE27, N19, or indeed any of the unfashionable letters, or lower numbers. Or do you just reject anything that comes from provincials out in furthest E4 and NW2?

Toby Crumbie,
SE6

Salesmanship

In this world of public relations, widespread advertising, and image-projection, one is apt to overlook the fundamental basis of individual personality.

Having been all my working life of many years selling men's wear, nothing has been more apparent than this essential basis. Ideas may be necessary, but what can be more important than people?

After all what can be more uncomfortable than to be greeted with a lugubrious individual – cold and distant beyond the width of a shop counter. When I go shopping I respond immediately to someone who exhibits a friendly approach. I probably even buy something I didn't want, but I'm happy with the time spent (if not the money!). And I am aware of the good salesmanship that led me to make the purchase.

The human approach to all relationships is, I suppose, necessary to everything. What a pity we don't always find it though!

Leonard Krantz,
Shaftesbury Avenue,
London W1

Out in September

In a feature called "New Faces," you said that *All Night Stars* by Thom Keyes "has hit the bookstands." In fact, this is one of our major novels for the Autumn and we shall be publishing it on 5 September.

John Hamer,
W. H. Allen & Co,
London, WC2

Home cooking

I do not think that Alfred Hitchcock can possibly be in a position to state that "English women must be the worst cooks." Perhaps the ones he has had the misfortune to meet and dine with, but there are a lot of English women who are expert cooks.

Why should they *all* be branded? How can he possibly know about us all? What nonsense. And anyway, nobody in their right mind would go into a restaurant for a really first-class English home-cooked meal.

Betty Johnson,
Sydney House,
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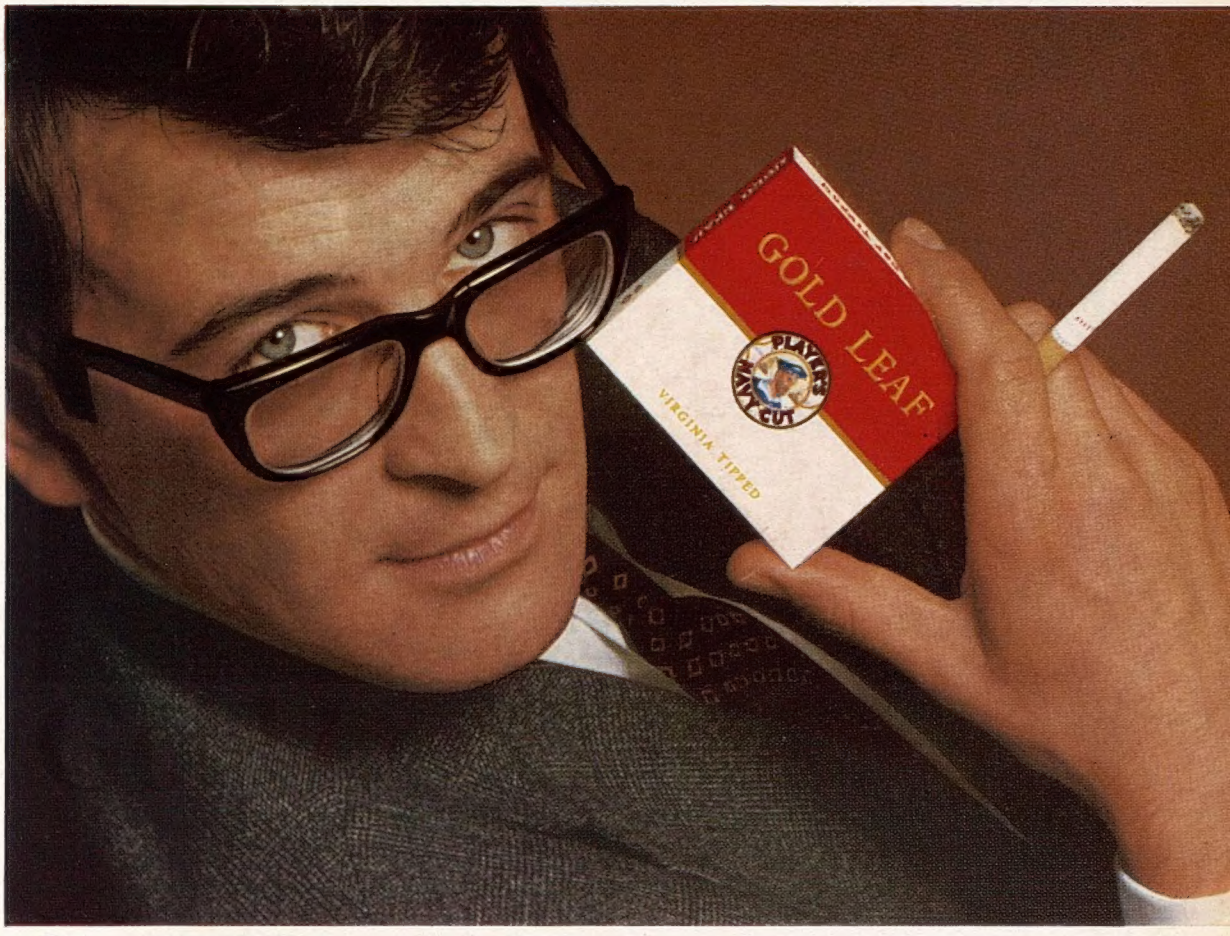

Gold Leaf taste

It's the real taste of great Virginia tobacco, specially imported, specially blended, specially packed.
We Gold Leaf smokers enjoy the taste of one of the great cigarettes. ***Join us...*** *4/7 for 20*

'Um casal raro'
(A RARE COUPLE)
MATEUS ROSÉ & CASAL GARCIA
Chelsea Pair of Candelabra, circa. 1755
by Antique Porcelain Co. Ltd.
London and New York.
Photograph by Percy Hennell
AVELEDA
THIS WINE SHOULD BE CHILLED BEFORE SERVING
CASAL GARCIA
ESTATE BOTTLED
VINHO VERDE
BRANCO
MESA DE PORTUGAL
SOGRAPE
MATEUS
Estate Bottled
PRODUCE OF PORTUGAL
ROSÉ
RSL
SELECTED